

CAVENDISH SOCIETY.—The first of the Books for 1857, GMELIN'S HANDBOOK OF CHEMISTRY, Vol. XI., is now ready for distribution to those members who have paid the subscription for the present year. Some copies of the first six volumes of this work are still on hand, and are supplied, through members of the society, for two guineas.

A new edition of PROFESSOR ROSE'S HANDBOOK OF ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY, containing much new matter furnished by the author, and translated and edited by T. H. HENRY, F.R.S., is in course of preparation.

Agent for the distribution of the books, Mr. Harrison, 59, Pall Mall, of whom prospectuses and further information may be obtained.

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19, Montague Street, Russell Square.

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LUCKNOW and DELHI.—GREAT GLOBE, Leicester Square.—DIORAMA OF LUCKNOW and the SIEGE and CITY OF DELHI, its Streets, Palaces, and Fortifications, at 1, 3, and 7 p.m. India, a Diorama of the Cities of, with Views of Calcutta, Benares, Agra, and the Scenes of the Revolt, at 12 noon, and departure from the Russian Diorama at 3 and 8 o'clock. Illustrative Lectures. Admission to the whole building is 1s.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—GREAT CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

A HAYDN NIGHT,

A BETHOVEN NIGHT,

A MENDELSSOHN NIGHT,

AND
A WEBER NIGHT.

M. JULIEN has the honour to announce that in consequence of the great number of persons unable to obtain admission during the last performances of the "Indian Quadrille," he has made arrangements to postpone his departure for the provinces, and to give a few more concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre. The great and unprecedented success attending the "Indian Quadrille," and the other works lately produced, has prevented M. JULIEN giving those classical nights which he was the first to introduce to the English public, and which have always been received with such distinguished favour by musical amateurs and the public generally.

In order to comply with the repeated requests of his numerous patrons, M. JULIEN has arranged for a SECOND SERIES OF CONCERTS, which must necessarily be of very limited duration, owing to his departure on his provincial tour shortly before Christmas. They will commence on TUESDAY, December 1st. It is M. JULIEN'S intention to give, during their continuance, a "Haydn Night," a "Mozart Night," a "Beethoven Night," a "Mendelssohn Night," and a "Weber Night." Of these seasons, the first part of the Programme will be selected solely from the works of one of these great Masters. The second part will be varied as usual.

M. JULIEN has the satisfaction of announcing that he has succeeded in retaining the services of that popular vocalist Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ. At the close of this Second Series of Concerts, Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ will leave London for Vienna. M. JULIEN having been unable to induce her to stay, even for his Provincial Tour. Soloists of the highest celebrity are also engaged for each of the Classical Nights, including the celebrated pianiste MRS. ARABELLA GODDARD, and the Hungarian artist M. EDUARD REMENYI, solo violinist to Her Majesty. The magnificent decorations which were prepared for the Ball Masque will remain during the continuance of these Concerts. The whole theatre will be ornamented with wreaths and garlands of flowers in gold, silver, and colours. These decorations have been prepared by Messrs. CHART and CO., who were charged with the decorations for the grand ball at the reception of the Emperor Napoleon III. at Stuttgart, and who were engaged, at a great expense, for the express purpose of arranging at Her Majesty's Theatre a display which will be seen for the first time in this country.

M. JULIEN feels confident that he will receive, for his second series of CONCERTS, a continuance of that distinguished patronage and support which have already been so freely accorded to him.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—M. JULIEN'S ANNUAL BALL MASQUE, MONDAY, Nov. 30.

M. JULIEN has the honour to announce that his Grand Annual Ball Masque will, this year, take place at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday, Nov. 30.

The Orchestra will comprise 110 Musicians.

Conductor—M. JULIEN.

No one will be admitted except in evening dress or fancy costume. This regulation will be strictly adhered to.

The whole Theatre will be ornamented with garlands and wreaths of flowers, in gold, silver, and colours. For this purpose Messrs. Chabot and Co., who were charged with the decorations for the grand ball at the reception of the Emperor Napoleon III. at Stuttgart, have been engaged at a great expense, and will arrive in England expressly to arrange, at Her Majesty's Theatre, a display which will be seen for the first time in this country.

Mr. Nathan, of Castle Street, Leicester Square, has been appointed Costumier to the Ball.

Tickets for the Ball 10s. 6d.

The Prices of Admission for Spectators (for whom the audience portion of the Theatre will be set apart) will be—

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Tickets for the Ball Places, and Private Boxes, may be secured at the Box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre; of the principal Librarians and Music-sellers; and at Messrs. Julien and Co.'s, 214, Regent Street.

The Doors will be open at Half-past Nine, and the Dancing commence at Half-past Ten.

Sales by Auction.

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MESSRS. FOSTER are directed to SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall Mall, on WEDNESDAY, 9th December, at 1 precisely, the elegant gallery of modern PICTURES, purchased direct from the artists, or selected from collections which have been disposed of within a few years, the whole evincing great discrimination and good taste. Among the chefs-d'œuvre may be mentioned the Woodlands, by J. Linnell; Cottage Piety, and two smaller works, by T. Fae; Hampton Court in the time of Charles I., by F. Goodall; a noble Landscape, with groups of cows and sheep, by Sidney Cooper; London, from Greenwich, and Spezia, both by Frye; Dutch Pilot Boats, by E. W. Cooke; and a charming Landscape, by T. Crosskill. The following array of talent will indicate the character of the works in this sale, viz:—

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1857.

REVIEWS.

A Year of Revolution. From a Journal kept in Paris in 1848. By the Marquis of Normanby, K.G. 2 Vols. Longman and Co.

DURING that memorable internecine struggle which commenced with the abdication and ignominious flight of Louis Philippe, and ended in the violent establishment of the power of Louis Napoleon, Lord Normanby represented our Government in Paris. His opportunities of observing the actual working of the revolution, and of tracing it to its immediate causes, were of the most favourable kind. He was in direct personal communication with the court, so long as there was a court; he was on terms of intimacy with most of the ministers and leading men of opposite parties; and he was occasionally consulted, in moments of difficulty, by Orleanists and liberals, and by members of all the sections, except that of the Red Republicans, from which he held aloof all throughout. His position as English minister invested him with a certain official weight, and his known amiability and good nature disarmed the distrust with which a man of greater ability in the same situation might have been regarded. But it does not appear that, although such persons as Molé and Lamartine talked to Lord Normanby about what was going on, they ever took him into their confidence, or that he gathered more from their revelations than the reporters of the London papers were able to acquire day by day from other, and, not unfrequently, from the same sources. On the contrary, there was rather a feeling of reserve manifested in the intercourse maintained with him; of which, in the simplicity of his unsuspicious heart, he gives us many unconscious illustrations. For example, going to the Tuileries one night, at the time when government was menaced by the great Reform banquet, and being quite prepared to advise Louis Philippe as to the course he ought to pursue in that alarming emergency, Lord Normanby tells us that the king spoke to him "for some time with great animation, but never once alluded to the passing events." The sagacity, or cunning, of the king is exhibited very strikingly in this slight fact. Whether it was Lord Normanby, or the English minister, his majesty spoke to on "trivial subjects" at a moment when the court was agitated by a convulsion that shook the foundations of the throne, it is unnecessary to ask.

It was, of course, the duty of Lord Normanby to transmit to his own Government detailed statements of the progress of affairs in Paris; and, for that purpose, he was constantly in the habit of taking notes, from which he prepared his dispatches. He also kept a journal of current incidents, relating most of the facts that came directly within his own cognizance, or that were related to him in conversation, with such commentaries as occurred to him at the instant. Out of these ample materials the volumes before us have been compiled. The chief interest of the narrative lies in the freshness of its matter. It conveys the impressions of the writer from hour to hour, and thus conducts us through the vivid and startling scenes of the revolution with that kind of dramatic fascination which arises from suspense and

surprise, and ignorance of what is to come. It is in this respect more entertaining, although less valuable, than the most careful history of the period. Many of the statements it contains are open to correction; the author corrects some of them himself as he advances, and the horizon of events expands before him; and it may be anticipated that rejoinders and angry contradictions will come from many quarters. But it is not as a responsible political memoir that the work is entitled to consideration, or should be judged. Lord Normanby is not a profound statesman, and his merits as a diplomatist are displayed to greater advantage on the sunny banks of the Arno than in the loaded atmosphere of the Seine. A genius somewhat versatile, agreeable literary talents, and long experience in *salons* and *bureaux*, present a combination from which a pleasant, although not a very philosophical, book may be reasonably anticipated. And this is just such a book as the journal of the revolution yields. There is, no doubt, a little too much elaboration in the treatment. It would have been considerably improved by lopping and condensation. Where the action proceeded with such restless velocity, the narrative should have been brief and rapid. Lord Normanby is often prolix, when the reader is impatient to get on; and, upon the whole, there is a great deal more foam than champagne. Nevertheless, reflecting immediate feelings, in the very language into which they instantly shaped themselves, and preserving a multitude of small circumstances, and vanishing traits of character, which could not be recalled after the agitation was over, the journal may be fairly described as a curious and interesting record of a season of unparalleled excitement.

The picture our ambassador gives of the people and their successive governments, beginning in December, 1847, and ending in December, 1848, is painful and humiliating. The final effect is bewildering. A calm, dispassionate Englishman reviewing these transactions from his secure retreat in a country where such disorders are unknown, is perplexed in the choice of evils between the grasping tyranny of Louis Philippe, and the vain and destructive audacity of the republic. In both he discerns different forms of the same national fanaticism, which at one moment puts its trust in one shape of despotism, at another in another, and which always seems to be crying aloud for popular rights, and strangling every attempt to define and establish them. There is scarcely a single actor in these turbulent scenes who comes pure out of the ordeal, or who, in Lord Normanby's narrative, does not ultimately excite contempt or aversion. Even Lamartine—who, in some of the weaker aspects of his character, closely resembles Lafayette—fades into vanity and incapacity, if his setting be not even darkened by unworthy jealousies and meaner passions. Cavaignac, with all his inflexible resolution and strict principles, is represented as having been tainted by similar faults; Crémieux is charged with an absolute political fraud; Guizot, whose great distinction was his personal integrity, whatever might be thought of his obstinate moderation, at a time when moderation was impossible, is accused of "dealing in corruption as a means of power;" and Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, Marrast, and others of that extreme party, are painted in colours not likely to inspire much confidence in French revolutions, or their chief apostles. In short, with

a strong desire to speak favourably of particular individuals, it is clear that Lord Normanby was deeply impressed with the baseness and selfishness that pervaded the entire seething mass of political life during that memorable year, Legitimist and Republican, King and Provisional Government, Tricolor and Red Flag, all pretty much alike, with very little to choose amongst them.

Of all the characters, perhaps, Louis Philippe comes out the worst. We here see his avarice and his craving for his family in the most odious light, mixed up with personal traits of a no less despicable cast. After the death of Madame Adelaide, he seems to have suddenly broken up, and gone to pieces. She had been his only *confidante*, and his constant adviser. He had an implicit respect for her judgment. She was the only person who really exercised a permanent and salutary influence over him. She went into his cabinet whenever she liked, and as often as she liked. Her character differed from his in this particular, that she listened more and yielded less. She was more self-possessed, more judicious in the management of externals, and had a stronger will.

The downfall of the king was so sudden and unexpected—in spite of the omens which had been gathering over his head for months before—that Lord Normanby finds it difficult to chronicle the incidents connected with the outbreak of popular frenzy, the abdication, the regency, and the provisional government. Within forty-eight hours changes had taken place which, elsewhere, and under other conditions of society, would have demanded weeks or months. It is impossible to trace them clearly, or to comprehend their sequence. With as favourable means of obtaining information as most persons in Paris, all that the English minister can learn is, that a provisional government has been appointed, but does not know what its powers or functions are to be, and that the king has fled from Paris, taking the road to St. Cloud. Nothing could have been more disgraceful than that flight. Making his way by railway to Rouen, the king, passing himself as an Englishman, took the boat to Havre, where he very nearly betrayed himself by over-acting his part:—

"It was evidently of the utmost importance that, in a place where he was so likely to be personally known, he should keep himself quiet and endeavour to escape observation. Instead of which, I hear he was bustling about, exclaiming loudly, 'Where is Mrs. Smith? Where is my old woman? Come here, my dear!' He was, in point of fact, recognised by a fishwife on the quay, who screamed out, 'Tis the King, who is making his escape!' But it was too late to stop him; he was already under the protection of the English flag: the ladder was at once loosened from the quay, and the vessel, with all her steam well up, pursued her course at full speed."

This was sheer cowardice taking the not uncommon form of bluster. The man who is master of his emotions never over-acts his part.

Now, take a scene from the Chamber of Deputies, when the Duchess of Orleans, the regent of the hour, enters the assembly. It should be premised that Lamartine had promised to support her, but it is evident that no combination had been formed to give effect to her claims.

"The entrance of the Duchess of Orleans into the Chamber could not be seen without a touching interest; but it entirely failed in producing that striking effect which alone in France promises a successful issue; and by all accounts she was ill

seconded by those parliamentary agents who ought at once to have assisted a woman, a princess, a widow, and a mother, under those critical circumstances. Nothing could be more praiseworthy than the disinterestedness, indeed, the self-devotion, of the part assumed by the Duc de Nemours, in appearing there personally to renounce the power which the law had conferred upon him, and to sustain his sister-in-law in her assumption of his rights; but a resolution, however noble, founded upon a consciousness of unpopularity, does not excite enthusiasm; and his Royal Highness was never demonstrative. Graceful, dignified, and interesting as was at that moment the deportment of the Duchess of Orleans, she did nothing because no one suggested to her what to do, and she wanted one quality, which alone at such a crisis would have appealed successfully to the national sympathies,—she was not a Frenchwoman. The conduct of M. Sauzet, as President, has been represented to me by persons of all parties by the expressive word '*pitoyable*': he appears to have entirely lost his head. M. Dupin failed in producing his usual effect from the Tribune; had he been in the *Faureuil* instead of M. Sauzet, the result might have been different. General Oudinot, the son of the Marshal lately dead, was the only person who by his frank soldierlike presence of mind, seemed for a time to render the triumph of the Regency possible. At this moment my informant approached M. Lamartine, who sat in his usual bench, the lower of the extreme right of the Chamber, with his face buried in his hands, and whispered in his ear, 'Now is your time to fulfil your intention, and confirm the Regency.' Scarcely raising his head or removing his hands, he replied: '*Je ne parlerai pas tant que cette femme y restera.*' And my informant saw at once there was nothing to be expected from him, and that the most to be hoped was, that he would not himself suggest the Republic. M. Marie, a very respectable barrister, in large practice, but of no great personal weight, and very advanced in his political opinions, then proposed a Provisional Government, which was supported by M. Crémieux, who farther suggested that it should consist of five members.

"A popular leader, whose ministry had begun and ended within the passing hours of that day, then entered. M. Odilon Barrot had been detained elsewhere. Powerful as his influence in his country had long been, and although the French people still felt towards him the sentiment nearest respect which they could retain for any one, yet, at this moment, his advent was inauspicious, inasmuch as it brought into hostile action the master spirit of the moment. All the witnesses of the scene, with whom I have spoken, concur in this, that M. Lamartine had hitherto buried his face in his hands, as if absorbed in meditation as to the course he should pursue, but as M. Odilon Barrot slowly ascended the Tribune, he threw back his head, gazed fixedly upon him, and his whole attitude was that of defiance and opposition. I am far from asserting that his first feeling was, if the Regency is adopted, there stands its Counsellor and Director, but there is something in M. Odilon Barrot's deportment, and a certain air of conscious integrity blended with superior wisdom, which was likely to be peculiarly irritating to M. Lamartine's susceptibility.

"M. Ledru-Rollin, hitherto what the French call '*déconsidéré*' within these walls, took the lead for a few minutes, renewed the proposal of a provisional government, but not, as M. Marie had moved, to be named by the Chamber, but *by the people*; meaning, of course, thereby the people present,—a band of three hundred blood-stained insurgents, who had just broken in, headed by a journeyman butcher, brandishing his slaughtering knife.

"Then, indeed, did M. Lamartine pronounce himself, not without some remains of hesitation of opinion, which impeded the ordinary unembarrassed flow of his eloquence; but he had not concluded when another band of ruffians, more excited than the last, announced their advent by a discharge of musketry in the lobbies, and forced

some of the other doors. The first impression seems to have been that these men knew how to use their fire-arms, and intended to do so. One of them, pointing his gun at the president, M. Sauzet dropped down from his chair untouched, and as president disappeared for ever."

This is an appropriate illustration of the way in which matters were managed. We place no stress on barricades and street fighting, with which all the world is familiar, but turn in preference to those scenes of the drama in which the passions culminated to their highest points. In the midst of the horrors, we have an episode almost romantic in its character. The main facts are well known, but these details will bear to be repeated. The story is that of the escape of the Duchess de Montpensier:—

"It appears that the Duchess, when provided with the means of securing, as was thought, a safe journey, started with General Thierry, the aide-de-camp of her husband, for Eu, with the expectation of there meeting the Duke; but, the projects of the rest of the royal family having been modified by circumstances, they found no one at the Châteauneuf, and under the additional escort of a young diplomatist on leave in the neighbourhood, M. Estancelin, H.R.H. started again for Abbeville. Upon her arrival there, the mob assumed a menacing aspect at the appearance of a post carriage, which they said contained the Princes on their way to England. M. Estancelin in vain assured them that the lady was his wife, and that he was returning to his diplomatic duties. The crowd insisted upon opening the door of the carriage, and M. Estancelin, in order to avoid that necessity, desired to be driven to the house of a Republican friend in that part of the town, and confided to him the name of his companion, and this man had the brutality or the timidity to refuse an asylum to one whose presence, he was afraid, might compromise him with his friends. It was already quite dark, yet there seemed no other resource than that the Princess, attended by the General, should proceed on foot through the town, and await upon the road leading to Montreuil the arrival of the carriage with post-horses, which M. Estancelin was to seek when the suspicions of the mob, who were still hovering about the post-house, should have been diverted. Any one who remembers Abbeville in the old posting days cannot forget the interminable length of winding streets which intervene between the post and the Northern Gate. It appears that the town was as unknown in detail to General Thierry as to his distinguished companion, and for hours they paced up and down, without guide or direction, a furious gale of wind raging round, and drifting rain, snow, and sleet in their faces; for, as the storm was from the north-east, and the Boulogne Gate precisely in that direction, it was only by proceeding resolutely in the eye of the wind that they could hope to reach that exit from the town. The lower shutters of all the houses were so universally closed against the raging of the elements and the equally threatening outbreak of human passions, that it was impossible to demand their way. Once a brilliant light from some windows attracted their attention, but it was soon carefully avoided when found to proceed from a crowded cabaret where they were singing La Marseillaise.

"Missing the main gate, and expecting to escape through a side postern, they were, instead, bogged in a sort of quagmire, the first steps in which deprived the delicate feet of the poor Duchess of both shoes; wandering about in search of them, she sank above her ankle at every moment, till providentially found by an unknown friend of M. Estancelin, who had been sent in search of them: by him she was conducted to a shed on the *Route Royale*, where they awaited the arrival of the carriage and proceeded on their journey.

"Through all these fatigues, sufferings, and dangers, all agree in stating that the Duchess showed a light heart and a brave spirit."

Immediately upon the flight of the royal family the palace of the Tuileries was literally abandoned to the mob. Apart from the work of destruction which now began, the freaks of the new occupants were not without a touch of humour:—

"The example of this variety of insult, I am told, was first set by M. Etienne Arago, brother of the great Arago, who wrote his name in the King's visiting-book, which he found in the entrance-hall, and invited all who followed him, who could write (which were not many), to do the same. For one hour did a succession of men and women, with every variety of insulting grimace, seat themselves on the throne by turns, after which it was taken by a portion of the mob through the streets to the column of July, on the Place de la Bastille, and there burnt. The rest having established themselves as a garrison in the Tuileries, sent for their families, or chose their female companions. '*Hôtel des Invalides Civiles*' was written by one of those who had taken possession of the palace on its wall. And all being completely armed, they closed the doors, took possession of stores of provisions, barricaded themselves in, and refused to admit any other intruders; and thus matters have been allowed to remain almost till now."

Some days afterwards Lord Normanby, having received instructions from the Queen to recover certain portraits, obtained an order to visit the Tuileries. It was a sight pitiable enough, little as its former tenants deserved the sympathy of mankind:—

"It was painful to pass through the room where, on the last night before the revolution, I had seen the court all assembled so full of confidence. It was disfigured with scrawls and denuded of furniture. Alluding to the spot where had stood the Queen's round table, at which I had left all the Princesses sitting, I was told that it had been upset and broken upon the first irruption; but that upon ascertaining what it had been, a portion of the *canaille* had replaced it, and insisted upon having an *orgie* round it before it was burnt. * * *

"In the state apartments, I had assisted, how recently, at the last royal reception, when the courtiers, the *Officiers d'Ordonnance*, the *Huissiers d'Annonce*, and all bearing those modified titles by which the appanages of citizen royalty were called, seemed to consider themselves as firmly established as the foundation of the building; and yet, not only had every living creature seen there before vanished, but every material adjunct had been defaced or destroyed, every emblem of state bore the peculiar mark of degradation. The private chambers, the chosen resort of refined privacy, had been forced open and exposed. The toilette-tables of the royal ladies had been ransacked; their very rooms had been appropriated and tenanted by those of their sex the most unworthy to occupy them."

This is a new, but very inferior edition, of the reliques of Versailles. No art of description, however, can extract a tear for the ruined royalty of the last of the Bourbons. The insurrection of June was marked by worse atrocities than all the previous outbreaks. Lady Normanby was at Chantilly, and returned to Paris for safety, as the neighbourhood was infested by detached bands of insurgents. She arrived at night. The incident gives us a domestic glimpse of the revolution:—

"Lady N. had no carriage, but came as far as the station in the omnibus with twelve other persons; she says they were mostly poor women coming up to Paris, in great anxiety, to inquire about their husbands and other relations who had not been heard of since the fighting. She also tells me that in all the neighbourhood of Paris she saw detachments of the Rural National Guard scouring the fields, as it was supposed many of the insurgents had taken refuge in the standing corn. Lady N. has shown on this, as on every other

occasion since February, great presence of mind; but the first occurrence after her return was not reassuring, as late last night two shots were distinctly heard at the bottom of our garden; and, upon inquiry, I found that two National Guards had been assassinated there."

The means resorted to by the insurgents to inflict cruelty on their opponents, were quite as abominable as any of the brutalities related of the Sepoys. They attached poisoned linen to their balls, and poisoned the lint that was sent into the hospitals. But these were venial criminalities:—

"In one place they took four or five of these children, who had surrendered as prisoners, stuck a pike through their throat under the chin, tied their hands down, and, placing them in front of a window, fired between their legs, thinking the soldiers would not return the fire when they saw the Mobiles. They cut also off a head from one, filled the mouth with pitch, lighted a match in it, and danced round to the tune of *Les Lampons*. Having surprised a small Corps de Garde filled with Mobiles, they killed them all in cold blood; and some female monsters amused themselves with cutting out their tongues and stringing them upon a cord."

Lord Normanby notes the strange curiosity of the English, which carries them over in shoals to Paris on these occasions, and frequently compromises their safety:—

"They say several Chartists and some Irish rebels have been shot. I should not be without fear that some of the *gobe-mouches* may have been mixed up with them. It is provoking to see the quantity of English who come over for a 'lark' whenever they hear of what, in their happy ignorance of such events, they call 'a row.' The French, who do not believe in the extent of our idle curiosity, attribute some desire to meddle as the cause of these stormy petrels' flight. Even —, the other day, with all his own experience and his diplomatic pedigree, having attempted to force his way with a passport not regularly *visé*, had to wait in prison at St. Denis, till I could obtain his relief."

An incident like the following brings the action of popular violence very distinctly before us:—

"As the vote for the admission of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte seemed to have removed the motive or the pretext for the threatening *atrouppements* in the central boulevards, I went the next night, with Lady N., to the Gymnase Theatre. The performances there are wont to be better suited to quieter times. The exquisite truth with which the domestic interests of social life are delineated, can always absorb the attention sufficiently to make one, in the pleasure of the performance, forget any petty or personal annoyances; and, on this occasion, it had seemed to obliterate, for the moment, the graver anxieties of the times. But in the midst of general attention to the business of the scene, there was heard without, at the very doors, a wild cry of a multitude in which were the mingled sounds of terror and of rage. This was immediately followed by the ringing clatter of a heavy body of cavalry '*à pas de charge*.' Some of the audience immediately rushed out, and such was the first impulse of Lady N.; but she who, in all the trials of the last five months, has uniformly shown coolness and courage, readily adopted my opinion that nowhere, at such a moment, could one be safer than in a crowded theatre. It seemed the last place into which an excited mob were likely to attempt to force an entrance. Some of the audience slunk away by degrees; but when we went out, near the conclusion of the performance, the great majority seemed to have forgotten an incident to which they had latterly become accustomed, and maintained their seats quietly. Upon reaching the door we found that our carriage, with all the others waiting for the audience, had been made, by the police, to pass down a small by-street, lest they should have been seized by the mob for the purpose of forming a barricade."

The latter part of this work is the least interesting. As we near the advent of Louis Napoleon the stage darkens, and the dramatic movement becomes hushed. It is in the earlier scenes of the first volume, when events come crowding with breathless rapidity upon each other, and the various sections of the political body are thrown into distinct collision, that the narrative is most exciting.

Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Khirgis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. By Thomas Witlem Atkinson. Hurst and Blackett.

ENGLISHMEN used to be remarkable for their propensity to commit suicide. Now that the Continent is open to travellers, and steam has taken the place of sails and horses, they have hit upon a better plan for exorcising the demon of *ennui*. When he takes his seat behind them, and will not be shaken off at home, they rush to the foreign consulate, get a passport for Nova Zembla or Timbuctoo, and fairly beat him by going to some desert where he is too good a judge of comfort to follow them. It is not that they want to enjoy luxuries which their own foggy island denies them—it is not that they languish for the clear skies, the delicious fruits, the generous wines, the voluptuous forms, and the no less voluptuous manners of southern Europe. Far from it. The more inhospitable and rugged the region, the better it pleases them; the greater the difficulty of visiting it, the more effectual is the remedy for the unsupportable weariness of having nothing to do; the more toil and suffering it imposes upon them, the more exquisite the zest with which they pursue the adventure. The extremities of polar cold and tropical heat are only just sufficient to produce a pleasant excitement in your *blasé* Englishman. He has worked harder than a day-labourer or a galley-slave, at Eton and Oxford, at cricket and rowing, and he cannot make up his mind in a moment to perch himself on a high-backed stool for ten hours a day, or to settle down in a country parsonage, or to listen, in wig and gown, while Lord Campbell or Lord Cranworth expounds the subtleties of English law and equity. Hence, we suspect, flows much of the zeal for missionary and philanthropic and scientific voyages of discovery for which we are remarkable. "The prize is in the pursuit," as Rogers, we think, said. Anything or nothing will prove an excuse for an Englishman to risk his life amidst perpetual snows, or arid deserts, or savage anthropophagi. The fact that two English officers might possibly be alive at the court of an Asiatic Tiberius, was hint enough to send Dr. Wolfe from his country parsonage and the care of his flock to Bokhara. The Mediterranean is too pleasant or too slow for Lord Dufferin, so he takes a yachting trip to the Arctic pole, just to see what an iceberg is like, and to have a shot at the white bears. Contrasted with this is the pleasant little journey of Dr. Livingstone across the deserts of Africa and back. And now we find that Mr. Thomas Witlem Atkinson has been spending the last seven years of his life pic-nicking in Siberia. Suppose we were told that the Czar had torn an educated gentleman from the arms of his sorrowing family, and condemned him to traverse the dreary wastes of snow, and to associate with the savage miners of the Oural, we should

exclaim, "What barbarity!" We should deplore the ill fortune of the unhappy martyr, and class him with Silvio Pellico and Poerio. If the martyr were a Russian or an Italian, we might be right; but being an Englishman, he would give us little thanks for our indignation or our pity. He exiles himself for seven years to Siberia, only that he may fill his bag with game, and his portfolio with sketches; and that he may be able to say, at the Travellers' Club, when he returns, that he has "done" places which neither the mediæval Capuchins, the *renaissance* traders, nor the modern Jesuits ever thought of "doing." There is an admirable coolness, and at the same time a laudable pride, in the following statement, in which Mr. Atkinson announces his travelling feats:

"Mine has been a tolerably wide field, extending from Kokhan on the west to the eastern end of the Baikal, and as far south as the Chinese town of Tchinsk; including that immense chain Syan-shan, never before seen by any European; as well as a large portion of the western part of the Gobi, over which Genghiz Khan marched his wild hordes toward the west—scenes on which no pencil has previously been employed—comprising a distance traversed, of about 32,000 versts in carriages, 7100 in boats, and 20,300 on horseback,—in all, 59,400 versts (about 39,500 miles), in the course of seven years. Neither the old Venetian nor the Jesuit priests could have visited these regions—their travels having been far to the south; nor am I aware that they brought back any pictorial representations of the scenes through which they wandered. Even the recent travellers, Hue and Gabet, who visited 'the land of grass,' (the plains to the south of the great Desert of Gobi), did not penetrate into the country of the Kalkas; and the illustrations to their works were evidently fabricated in Paris.

"Mine is a simple narrative of facts, taken from journals kept with scrupulous care during the whole journey, often under the influence of great fatigue, and amid the pressure of numerous difficulties. I suffered much both from hunger and thirst, have run many risks, and on several occasions have been placed in most critical situations with the tribes of Central Asia—more particularly when among the convicts escaped from the Chinese penal settlements,—desperate characters who hold the lives of men cheap. I have several times looked upon what appeared inevitable death, and have had a fair allowance of hair-breadth escapes when riding and sketching on the brink of precipices with a perpendicular depth of 1500 feet below me.

"With these accompaniments, I traversed much of the hitherto unexplored regions of Central Asia, and produced 560 sketches of the scenery, executed with the moist colours made by Winsor and Newton,—invaluable to an artist employed under such circumstances. I have used them on the sandy plains of Central Asia, in a temperature of 50° Réaumur (144° Fahrenheit); and in Siberia have had them frozen as solid as a mass of iron, when the temperature was 43° Réaumur of frost, 11° below the point where the mercury became solid, when I could make it into balls in my bullet-moulds. Some of my largest works have been painted with colours that have stood these severe tests; and for depth and purity of tone, have not been surpassed by those I have had fresh from the manufactory. With cake colours, all my efforts would have been useless."

The mixing up of "hunger and thirst," "critical situations" among Chinese convicts, and hair-breadth escapes from being dashed down precipices 1500 feet deep, with the panegyric on Winsor and Newton's "moist colours," is a capital stroke of nature, and worthy of the coolness of our national character. This is the spirit which is fostered in the cricket-grounds and on the rivers of Eton and Oxford and Cambridge, in the

hunting-field at Melton, and on the moors in Scotland, and which has braced the hearts of 1500 Britons to hold in check 25,000 Sepoys who were thirsting for their blood. Intellectual culture can do little without that "pluck" which is given by the consciousness of strength, and the experience of physical difficulties overcome.

Seven years ago Mr. Atkinson conceived the wish to visit the wastes of Central Asia, and to bring back sketches of the scenery for the amusement and instruction of his friends and the public. With this view he proceeded to St. Petersburg, and obtained, without difficulty, from the late Czar, a passport, which had the magic effect of producing post-horses, suppers, beds, and a welcome, whenever and wherever it was presented. With excellent taste he passes quickly over the European part of his journey, and hastens the reader onward to the confines of the comparatively unknown regions of Asia. At Moscow, however, he delays for a few balls and *tableaux vivants*, one of which he describes, as illustrative of Russian manners:—

"What interested me most was a series of *tableaux vivants* given in the 'Nobility's Hall' (Assembly Rooms) before His Imperial Majesty and most of the Court. Some of these were highly interesting, as they were representations of a few centuries back. Old furniture, armour, and plate, were brought from the Kremlin; these and the antique dresses gave a most faithful character to the pictures. During the evening a *tableau* was given representing the four elements, Air, Earth, Fire, and Water, which were personated by four beautiful young ladies, whose appearance called forth immense applause. Without dropping the curtain, this picture was changed by suddenly drawing off the dresses; which was done by some one beneath the stage. One young lady (whether of earth or heaven seemed difficult to determine) was kneeling on one knee on a piece of rock, and when the signal was given, was jerked from her place and turned feet upwards on the floor,—a position for which she was evidently not prepared. Many of the spectators began to laugh, but this was very properly hushed by His Imperial Majesty in an instant; in the next, the lady was divested of her first costume, and again took her place on the rock, with the additional charm of a deep blush spreading over her face."

On the 6th of March, Mr. Atkinson started from Moscow in a sledge, his only companion a large deer-hound, which sat with him in the *vashok*. The *vashok* is something like a small omnibus placed upon a sledge, and drawn by horses on the ice or snow. On the box was a postillion from the Post-office at Moscow, who was to accompany the enterprising traveller to Ekaterineberg, the capital of the Oural country, and the first town on the Eastern side of the Oural range. We have no doubt the postillion was a useful companion; but we fancy that in giving him to Mr. Atkinson the Minister of the Interior was indulging that amiable little curiosity about the doings of strangers to which foreign governments are addicted. A Russian traveller, who wanted to make sketches of the Scotch lakes, would have no magic missive from the Queen, to open all the nobleman's houses to him on his route; but neither would he have a government "postillion" on the box of his post-chaise.

On our traveller galloped in his *vashok*, through blinding storms of snow, now on the frozen waters of the Volga, now over the snow-covered earth; sometimes thrown perpendicularly upwards, as the machine passed over a deep hole, till his head bounded from the

roof; sometimes breaking down bodily, and having to wait till the fragments of the vehicle were picked up and put together. At Congour, "celebrated for its tanneries and its thieves," he narrowly escaped losing his stag-hound, which some ill-looking men attempted to steal. The click of his pistol, as he brings the hammer up to full-cock, brings them to reason, and he proceeds. He acts the good Samaritan to a party of Russian ladies and gentlemen who emerge, cold and hungry, from a *vashok*, and one of the former quietly drinks a tumbler of his old Kirschenwasser. Next morning the boundary which separates Europe from Asia is passed, and our traveller reaches Ekaterineberg on the tenth day from his departure from Moscow. The missive from St. Petersburg secures him a cordial welcome from the chief of the Oural. This officer delivers him over to the care of an Englishman who had been ten years in the Russian service; and what with the hospitality of the officials, of the ladies who had drunk his Kirschenwasser on the journey, and of his countryman and his "amiable little wife," he spends three weeks very pleasantly. But pleasure is not his chief object. He here obtains valuable information respecting the regions which he is about to visit.

Before proceeding eastward across the vast continent, our traveller here turned sharp to the north, along the Oural range, for about four degrees, till he reached to nearly the sixty-second parallel of north latitude. In the course of this excursion he navigated the Tchoussowaia, down the waters of which he saw floating innumerable barges laden with guns, shot, shell, rifles, and other munitions of war, intended for Sevastopol. He visited the iron mines at Outkinskoi, where they were manufactured, and everywhere found that English overseers and English tools were employed in the fabric of the weapons which were to send so many thousand Englishmen to their long home. The barques which carry them are built and launched with their sides to the stream, like the *Leviathan*. He was induced to go on board one of these barques, belonging to a private merchant, to witness a singular ceremony.—It appears that, before they sail, they are blessed by a priest. Mr. Atkinson describes the service as "highly interesting," and states that "it was attended to with much solemnity by all on board." A feast was then provided for the sailors, who, under the influence of the *wodky*, or brandy, displayed their universal charity by kissing each other "with the fervour of brothers after twenty years' separation." After going through nearly the same ceremony, our traveller proceeded up the Tchoussowaia to the government iron-works at Outkinskoi. He describes the scenery on either hand as magnificent. The hills are covered with trees to their tops: in the valleys are rich meadows interspersed with clumps of pine and birch, so artistically arranged as to seem like the work of the landscape gardener. The inhabitants are few; and thousands of acres are never trodden by the foot of living creature, except the elk and other wild animals, which abound. In some places the rocks are thrown up in masses of the most fantastic shape, forming caverns of great depth.

Of some of these bold jasper and granite rocks and caves there are several clever engravings, from Mr. Atkinson's sketches, taken on the spot. Arrived at Outkinskoi, our traveller proceeded to the house or hut of the Director—a dismal hole, lighted by a lamp.

But the *cuisine* and the cellar proved excellent.

"This seemed to rouse up the family, as a woman opened another door, which let in some light from the lamp, and then I found that I was in a Russian bedroom; to retreat was useless, so I put a good face on the matter and went forward. What the woman thought of my intrusion it is impossible to say; however, her husband quickly appeared, and then I handed him my papers, which at once procured me every attention.

"I had at last found the Director of the works: he sent men with a horse and cart to bring my luggage up to his house; and very shortly a boy brought me some hot tea and preserved fruit. When my things arrived I got a pair of dry boots; the other clothing I could not change, as the good lady kept passing in and out of the room every minute.

"Through one of the doorways I observed some six or seven pairs of eyes twinkling and staring at me, wondering no doubt what sort of animal it was that had invaded their quiet abode. After a sight of their little faces, I determined to establish myself in the good opinion of the mother by making friends with the children. I succeeded in persuading one little boy to come forward. She then left the room, returning in a few minutes with my youngest son, whom I presently tossed in my arm to the great astonishment of the family and the gratification of the mother.

"Conversation beyond a few words could not be attempted, as I was obliged to resort to my Russian and English dictionary every few minutes, and this made it exceedingly tedious; however, all went on well and in good-humour. About ten o'clock they began to set out a table, and in due time supper appeared. I was placed at the head of the table; the good man at one side, and I naturally expected his amiable spouse would take a seat opposite to me, instead of which she walked to the end of the room and sat down; but having refused to partake of their hospitality unless she would sit by us, the lady was induced to make one of the party: after which everything went on well. To describe the dishes would be useless; I can only say that some of them were very good—at least I thought so after the sharp, frosty blast I had encountered; my host placed several sorts of wine on the table, and both he and his wife urged me to eat and drink.

"In Siberia, each good housewife makes from the wild fruit, of which there is a great variety, several sorts of *nalifka* (cordial). A bottle of this was produced, and a glass of it handed to me; it was the colour of claret, but the flavour vastly superior. I took a second glass, to their particular satisfaction: immediately four other bottles of different sorts were ordered in, from all of which I was obliged to drink a 'wee drop' during supper; and most delicious *nalifkas* they were. Finally, as a finish to our repast, my host brought in a bottle of champagne and two glasses on a tray—evidently intending that he and I should drink it alone; but here I was forced to disappoint him, for, as soon as he had filled a bumper for me, I could not help presenting it to his wife, evidently to her great surprise and pleasure. Another glass was brought for me, and we then very deliberately proceeded to finish the bottle.

"When this was disposed of, I thought all concluded for the night, but was mistaken; my hostess left the room, presently returning with other varieties of Siberian liquors, all of which she insisted on my tasting—this with them means finishing a glass; I had no sooner taken one than she had another ready. At last, I got through the tasting process—or, at least, supposed that I had. But, judge my astonishment, when my host walked in with another bottle of champagne, which in spite of all opposition, my friends compelled me to join in drinking."

After this a sofa was provided for our traveller, and was not the less welcome, we should think, from its not requiring him to perform the intricate process of unbuttoning his waistcoat, or pulling off his boots.

Another excursion was made to Outkinska Demidoff, where the produce of the Demidoff mines is shipped to Nijni-Novgorod and St. Petersburg. In a little glade near the works is erected a cross to the memory of the great-grandfather of the present Prince Demidoff. He was unexpectedly born on this spot, and first worked the mines which have made his family one of the wealthiest in Russia. The Demidoff estates extend over 3,095,700 acres, and are therefore nearly as large as Yorkshire. Amongst these interminable pine forests the Englishman might sometimes almost think himself in the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton. Over the pine-tops ascend huge volumes of smoke, through which shoot tongues of fire; while the perpetual rolling of the forge-hammers is never silent. To complete the illusion, the English language is frequently heard; for the overseers are mostly mechanics from our mining and manufacturing districts. At Tagilsk, one of the factories on the river Tagil, Prince Anatole Demidoff is endeavouring to introduce all the improvements of European civilization. He spares no expense in educating young men who display a talent for mechanical and scientific pursuits, sends them to England and France to study practical engineering, and often presents them with their freedom.

With the English director, Mr. Atkinson ascended the Katchkanar, the highest mountain of the Oural range in this district. And after spending a night in the forest, seeing some splendid scenery, which he sketched, and narrowly escaping being swallowed up in quagmires, dashed from precipices, and devoured by mosquitoes, he at length reached the summit. He thus graphically describes the scene which he beheld on the first halt for the night:—

"When there a most rugged scene burst upon my view: the jagged top of the Katchkanar was towering far above into the deep blue vault of heaven; the rocks and snow were tinged by the setting sun; while lower down stood crags overtopping pine and cedar trees; and lower still a thick forest sloped along till lost in gloom and vapour.

"I now turned towards the west, and walked to a high crag overlooking the valley; here I seated myself to watch the great and fiery orb descend below the horizon—and a glorious sight it was! Pavda, with its snowy cap, was lighted up and sparkled like a ruby; the other mountains were tinged with red, while in the deep valleys all was gloom and mist. For a few minutes the whole atmosphere appeared filled with powdered carmine, giving a deep crimson tint to everything around. So splendid was this effect, and so firm a hold had it taken of my imagination, that I became insensible to the hundred of mosquitoes that were feasting on my blood. Excepting their painfully disagreeable hum, no sound, not even that of the chirping of a bird, was to be heard,—it was truly solitude.

"Soon after the sun went down, a white vapour began to rise in the valleys to a considerable height, giving to the scene an appearance of innumerable lakes studded with islands, as all the mountain-tops looked dark and black. I was so riveted to the spot by the scene before me, that I remained watching the changes until near eleven o'clock, when that peculiar twilight seen in these regions stole gently over mountain and forest. The effect I cannot well describe—it appeared to partake largely of the spiritual."

The summit of the Katchkanar, of which there is an engraving, is composed of a number of pyramidal rocks, which bear a strong resemblance to Chinese pagodas, ascending to a height of a hundred feet from the ground. The pagoda-like appearance is produced by

the horizontal formation of the strata of which they are composed. Between these strata of stone are regular courses of pure magnetic iron ore, which in places projects in crystals of three or four inches square. One of these crags our enterprising traveller determined to ascend; and after much labour and risk he succeeded in seating himself on the highest pinnacle, with his feet dangling over the perpendicular side. In this position he amused himself by writing a note to a friend, dated, we suppose, "from the summit of the Katchkanar, Siberia."

Here we must leave Mr. Atkinson for the present; but we shall take an early opportunity of accompanying him to the end of his adventurous journey, extending over an area comprised between the sixtieth and hundred and tenth parallels of east longitude, terminating with the Lake Baikal, and between about the forty-second and sixtieth parallels of north latitude. To the geographer, the geologist, the ethnographer, the sportsman, and to those who read only for amusement, this will be an acceptable volume. Mr. Atkinson is not only an adventurous traveller, but a correct and an amusing writer. There is an excellent map of the regions explored, with his route marked, besides some very striking coloured lithographs, and good wood-engravings of scenery and figures.

Winged Words on Chantrey's Woodcocks.

Edited by James Patrick Muirhead, M.A. With Etchings. Murray.

PRACTICAL as our age has become, the days of elegant trifling and scholarly pastime are not over yet. Sir Francis Chantrey shoots two woodcocks at one shot, and straightway lords, bishops, judges, fellows of colleges, generals, critics, and gentlemen 'various,' of high degree and learned leisure, contribute a collection of epigrams in commemoration of the event, which, for weight of metal brought to bear upon a feather, beats the Greek Anthology hollow. The occasion out of which this remarkable example of focal literature arose may be briefly dismissed, although the editor, dwelling with appropriate elaboration on the momentous incident, expands it, by the help of episode, illustration, and complimentary congratulations, to six-and-thirty pages.

In November, 1829, Chantrey was on a visit to Mr. Coke (afterwards Earl of Leicester), at Holkham; and, being out shooting on the 20th of that month, in company with some of his host's guests, he, accidentally, killed two woodcocks at one shot. This astonishing feat was "hailed by the assembled sportsmen with wonder and applause," and Mr. Coke marshalling the whole party, guns, keepers, and beaters, in one line, made Chantrey pass along in front, each individual uncovering as he passed, and making him a formal obeisance as the hero of the day. So remarkable a circumstance in the life of a celebrated man was not to be suffered to drop into oblivion, as it would assuredly have done had it happened to Tom Thresher or Billy Stokes. Chantrey himself took the first step to immortalize it, by transmitting portraits of the two woodcocks to posterity in monumental marble, the model of which is to be seen at Oxford, and the work itself at Holkham. This curious piece of memorial sculpture is slightly deformed by a chronological error in the inscription, and a singular blunder in the design, one of the

dead birds looking very much as if it were alive. How the verses in Greek, Latin, and English, written to celebrate the wonderful shot, came to be accumulated does not appear; but the list of contributors amounts to upwards of forty, and we find amongst them some very distinguished people. The catalogue includes one marquis, two lords, two baronets, three bishops, four judges, one ambassador, two archdeacons, two canons, one dean, two doctors of law, and at least a dozen clergymen. Out of such promising sources, guaranteed by the names of Wilberforce, Wrangham, Maltby, Jeffrey, Milman, and the late Marquis Wellesley, we have a right to expect excellence of no common order. Where are we to look for refinement, polished taste, and faultless execution, if not in quarters where their development is so highly favoured by scholarship, ease, and social cultivation? But we are afraid that, like the countryman who was terribly disappointed at seeing the "quality" eat and drink like other people, the expectant reader of this volume will make the mortifying discovery that the wit of lords and bishops is not always to be distinguished by any special merits from the wit of the rest of the world. Where there are so many contributors, we cannot do justice to the book without presenting a variety of examples. It is in this variety the sole interest of these ingenious literary quips consists.

The theme is the shot by which two birds were killed, and the skill by which they were brought to life again in marble. The hand which slew them, conferred immortality upon them. The theme thus inevitably resolves itself into an epigram, and as an epigram it is dealt with throughout. The entire curiosity of the book is to see how a thought, which really admits neither of contraction nor expansion, can be expressed in a number of different verbal forms, by different hands. The Bishop of Oxford furnishes the text in the following quatrain:—

"Life in Death, a mystic lot,
Dealt thou to the winged band:—
Death,—from Thine unerring shot,
Life,—from Thine undying hand."

The slightest imperfection in such exercises of skill jars upon the critical reader. A flaw in an epigram is like a flaw in a precious stone, and in a corresponding ratio diminishes its value. The flaw here is the "undying hand." It was not Chantrey's hand that was "undying," but the work it produced. Archdeacon Wrangham gives us life and death from the same hand, with a difference:—

"Chantreii manus hasce vulnere uno
Binas stravit aves. Eisdem is uno—
(Tantum utrinque valebat ille dextra!)
Vitam restituit creatis ictu
Scilicet: postmodò nec mori verentur."

The Archdeacon again,—this time a more close and compact version:—

"Quà morimur dextrâ in lucem revocamur eâdem;
Quæ vitam abstraxit, vivere deinde dedit.
Ah! felix utrinque manus,—quæ nempe perire
Nos jubet hac, illac posse perire vetat!"

Lord Jeffrey rings the changes in several shapes, of which the following are samples:—

"Their good, and ill, from the same source they drew:—
Here shrin'd in marble by the hand that slew!"

"For their rest lives the slaughterer to atone
Here gives an immortality in stone!"

"The same skill'd hand that took their lives on high,
Here, on this marble, bids them never die!"

"The life the sportsman-artist took,
The sportsman-artist could restore;
As true and warm in every look,
And far more lasting than before!"

In the following, by Mr. Fenton, the con-

ceit takes a classical form, but is not improved by the change:—

"Ομηρὸν Νιόβης μοῖρῃ τοῦδε καὶ ἡμῶν
ἔστιν οὐδυνός καὶ μακάρεσσιν ὁμοῦ
Ἡμεῖς γὰρ θανόντων Χαντρεῖο βέλτεσι, δαμέντες,
Κάν λιθὸν ἀθανάτους αὐτοῖς εἴθεκε πάλιν."

The comparison is strained, for there is nothing in common, except the marble, between Niobe and the woodcocks. Dean Milman puts the point with felicitous brevity:—

"Uno lectu morimur simul uno vivimus lectu."

The same, with variation and enlargement, by Archdeacon Glover:—

"Τύμματος ἐκ Χαντρεῖ διπλὴν λελαχκότῃ μοῖραν,
Ἄλγεσ' οὐκ ὀλίβος, ζῶντ' ἀπέθικε κοπεύς."

But, perhaps, the simplest and most accurate antithesis of the whole is the following, by an anonymous hand:—

"By Chantrey's hand together we were slain;
By Chantrey's hand, behold! we live again."

The number of experiments on this single string is surprising. By the sheer force of repetition, the process becomes mechanical at last. It is more like making anagrams than epigrams. In some of these pieces a new element is introduced to impart variety to the subject, and Chantrey is made to eat his woodcocks before he sculpts them; or, as Mr. Muirhead succinctly describes the whole proceeding:—

"He shot them, and ate them, and sculptur'd them too;—
or, as the same poet sings in another place:—

"He shot, and carv'd the couple, nor forgot
With care to cook them."

The Rev. James Riddell renders the history of the carving and eating in Greek. We give it in Mr. Muirhead's translation:—

"He carv'd these two, both springing from one stone:—
Sportsman and artist, and his shot, were one.
First having kill'd, he cook'd, and ate the pair,
Then raised to Artemis this sculpture fair.
Be gracious, Goddess! since he doth restore
Immortal, what he killed and ate before!"

Jeffrey hits the point more neatly:—

"The sculptor kill'd them at one shot,
And, when the deed was done,
He carv'd them,—first, upon one toast,
And then upon one stone!"

Hudson Gurney serves up the pun of the toast and stone in a single word:—

"Driv'n from the North that would have starv'd them,
This was the way that Chantrey sav'd them,
He shot them first, and then he carv'd them."

An anonymous contributor, apparently taking Jeffrey as his model, commits the blunder of inverting the order of the carving:—

"A double skill the sculptor here may boast,
Who carved them first in stone, and then on toast!"

We are now coming to the humorous side of the subject, and in this aspect the book is rich in absurdities. First, a couple of verses from a piece by the editor:—

"Chantrey kill'd these woodcocks, flying
At a single shot;
They, as life departed, sighing,
'Now we go to pot!'

"But, his chisel swift applying,
He upon the spot
Carv'd them both where they were lying,
And said, 'You shall not!'

Surely this is very silly and impotent. Here is something more in the spirit of epigram by Dr. Duncan:—

"His fortunate skill must be great, we will own,
Who can kill and preserve his two birds with one stone."

Jekyll, not quite so happily, touches the same point:—

"Two birds with one stone:—but the proverb has wit,
If one stone revives both the birds it has hit!"

Mr. Muirhead is the largest contributor to the volume. Out of 179 pieces, he supplies no less than 87, including translations, independently of L'Envoi, Prologue and Epilogue. His industry on this theme is astonishing, and allowance should be made if we find him occasionally flagging. He appears to most

advantage in the bantering couplets, although they are not always in the best taste. Here are two or three specimens:—

"Chantrey invented the best of gun-locks,
Which cocks one hammer, and hammers two cocks!"

"When Chantrey, crafty artist! came, and at this couple
popp'd,
They knew the game was up with them, and so the twig
they hopp'd!"

"While sapient rules each grave grammarian gives,
Here an anomaly in marble lives;
Priscian might try to comprehend, in vain,
How dual birds were singularly slain!"

"The cocks are two—the shot was one:—
Chantrey had double-cock'd his gun!"

In the next extract, the conclusion of a soliloquy, the hen woodcock is supposed to be speaking:—

"I was not shot by any such 'Son of the Thunder,'
But could not have liv'd from my Billy assunder;
And, dying or dead, I endeavour to warble
That truth is here misrepresented on marble:—
Two woodcocks so kill'd never hung in a pantry:—
Put that in your pipe and smoke it, MASTER CHANTREY."

This seems to be the crowning joke of the whole; and we certainly cannot compliment the author upon its point or its refinement. In the more sedate passages—such as the Prologue—there are trivial blemishes, for which we can imagine no excuse in this species of composition. How such lines as the following obtained admittance into this leisurely collection we cannot conceive:—

"In quiet and confidence their souls possessing"—
"Lo! in the dingle, deep in fern and brambles,
The rustic company of beaters rambles."

Here and there we drop upon a reminiscence, as we do in the operas of composers who depend more on their memory than their invention. Take two examples:—

"The conscious woodcocks knew their doom, and trembled."
Everybody is familiar with the famous line:—

"The conscious water saw its God, and blush'd."

Again:—

"And if it is but very short, it won't detain you long."

It is scarcely necessary to indicate the original:—

"And if you find it wondrous short,
It will not keep you long."

Some latitude of treatment must be allowed in snatches of pleasantry such as the bulk of the volume consists of; but the following piece of verbal humour—and it is not a solitary instance—travesties the church service rather irreverently in search of an extremely dull joke. Mr. Muirhead is describing the birds roasted on the table before Chantrey:—

"The cocks, performing thus a double duty,
Feasting the lips with trail, the eyes with beauty,
Were, as in Collect orthodox suggested,
First 'mark'd,' and then 'well inwardly digested.'"

Although the book is a marvellous monument of vast labour working out very trivial results, the execution, as must be inevitably the case in all such collections, is extremely unequal; while the unavoidable repetitions of the same idea, often in nearly the same words, renders the volume, upon the whole, rather wearisome. Nor does the subject justify such a crash of performers. Chantrey's shot was by no means an extraordinary one, and, being purely an accident, was still less deserving of so magnificent a commemoration. Mr. Muirhead, in his amusing introduction, records several much more remarkable feats. One gentleman brought down at a single shot six snipes out of seven; another caught four blackcocks in a line, and killed them all; and a man on the banks of the Wye killed in one shot (out of a large swivel gun) no less than one hundred and eighteen gray plovers. There are many similar instances. Mr. Muirhead's introduction in fact makes out the strongest

possible case against the book, which he has edited with a zeal amounting to enthusiasm.

An Analysis of the Domesday Book of the County of Norfolk. By the Rev. George Munford. J. Russell Smith.

IN 1767 George III. gave directions for the publication of the great national record known as the Domesday Book. The work was completed in 1783, by Mr. Abraham Farley, an antiquary of much learning and industry. It was printed in two volumes folio, in facsimile, as far as regular types, assisted by the representation of particular contractions, could imitate the original. In 1811, a third volume, containing the indices, was printed by the Record Commission, with an account of the Survey, by Sir Henry Ellis; and in the same year a fourth volume was published, under the same authority, containing the Exon Domesday, the Inquisitio Eliensis, the Winton Domesday, and the Boldon Book. In 1788, Kelham published his 'Domesday Book Illustrated,' in which much was done towards rendering more easy the reading and comprehending of the document. Sir Henry Ellis published in 1833 his General Introduction to the Domesday Survey, with an account of the formation of the record, its principal subjects, its conservation and history, and its authority in courts of law. There is also an index of tenants in capite, an index of persons, monasteries, and corporations holding lands in tenure in the time of Edward the Confessor, an index of under-tenants at the time of the Survey, and an abstract of the population of the different counties of England at the close of the reign of William the Conqueror. This valuable work will always be highly prized by antiquaries, but it is now not easily met with. In the beginning of this century the Rev. William Bawdwen, Vicar of Hooton Pagnell, in Yorkshire, commenced a translation of the Domesday Book into English, and had published the account of eight or nine counties when the work ceased for want of sufficient encouragement. Such are the principal works in English literature directly illustrating the Domesday Book, which Spelman calls "*monumentum totius Britanniae, non dico antiquissimum, sed absque controversia augustissimum*." The county histories of Dugdale, Nichols, Nash, Bray, Morant, Blomefield, and other topographers and archaeologists, include numerous extracts from Domesday Book for the illustration of local descriptions, but after all that has been published there is much useful and interesting information to be gathered from this ancient record. The Rev. George Munford, Vicar of East Winch, Norfolk, has undertaken a work on a new plan, with regard to his own county, which we hope to see imitated for other parts of England. Instead of merely translating and annotating, he has prepared an epitome or analysis of that part of the Survey relating to Norfolk. All the lists of places and names of persons are given verbatim, but the miscellaneous notes under the various heads of the Survey are explained and commented on in a most instructive and interesting manner. Not only are the topographical and statistical facts here set down, but much curious information is presented as to the population, the customs and manners of the people, their social and political condition, the state of the churches and other public edifices, the modes of cultivation, and of land tenure, with many other points incidentally referred to in the brief

notices of the Survey under particular localities.

It seems hardly credible that the horse was little employed in the later years of the Saxon dominion. Between the war chariots of the time of Boadicea and the war steeds of Norman chivalry, there seems to have been a period when horses were almost unused either for military or civil purposes:—

"The horse not being employed by our Saxon and Norman ancestors in agriculture, the number of horses returned in the Survey was but small. And although this animal has always been an object of much interest in Britain, and used from the earliest periods of our history in warlike expeditions, yet at the time of the Norman Conquest it does not appear that he was generally employed in war, except by the nobles, and such persons as could afford to keep him for their own use; while hunting, which was then engaged in as a necessary preparation for the labours of war, as well as to procure food, was pursued on foot. Even two centuries after the Conquest, the manner of hunting the fox by our kings was without horses, one only being employed, and this for the purpose, not of riding, but of carrying the toil."

Many places in Norfolk were remarkable for wealth in bees, which formed a large part of the national resources in those days. Honey and wax were both articles of great importance, the former chiefly for its use in the preparation of mead, which was then the national beverage. Wax was principally of value for making tapers for the prodigious consumption of the church. In the Cathedral of Ely, it appears from the sacrist's accounts, that above a thousand pounds weight of candles were consumed on the day of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. No wonder that wax was in demand, and that the "custos apium" was an important official in mediæval households.

In Norfolk there were upwards of 580 water-mills, and many of these still subsist in parishes in which they were recorded when the Survey was made. This is one of the points on which appeal to the Book is still allowed in legal questions. By statute 9 Edw. II., called 'Articuli Cleri,' it was determined that prohibition should not lie upon demand of tithes for a new mill. But the mill, which is entered in Domesday Book, is, of course, older than the 9 Edw. II., and is accordingly discharged by this act from the payment of tithe.

The accounts of the churches present many points of interest to the ecclesiologist and the antiquary, and the Norfolk records also contain curious details about tithes, dues, and other pecuniary and financial affairs. Of more general interest is it to read of the manners and customs of the clergy:—

"We have a remarkable instance in the marriage of one of the dignitaries of the church, which goes far to prove that, in Saxon times, marriage was almost universally permitted to the parochial clergy and secular canons; indeed there are instances on record of livings descending from father to son for many generations; but, even in that period, the celibacy of *regulars* was enforced as far as possible. In the eleventh century marriage, or concubinage, had become almost universal. The case of the marriage of a Norfolk priest, to which we allude, is that of Almar, Bishop of Elmham, who was a married man, and held the manor of Blofield, in right of his wife, before and after he was made Bishop. In short, the rules of celibacy met with so little attention in England, that there was not probably any country in Europe in which they were so little regarded. And, as Hallam informs us, it was acknowledged, in the reign of Henry I., that the greater and better part of the clergy were married."

The opinion frequently held, that there were only wooden churches before the Conquest, is strongly opposed by the facts adduced in this volume. One or two structures are specially described as being of wood, which would not have been done if this were not a rare circumstance, while there is every ground for believing that many of the buildings described as Norman were really ancient Anglo-Saxon edifices.

From the brief notice we have given of the subjects discussed by Mr. Munford, it will be seen that his book has many points of interest to the student of English history and antiquities, while in the libraries of Norfolk families it deserves a place as a book of reference.

Dernières Chansons de P. J. de Béranger.
Paris: Perrotin. London: Williams and Norgate.

BÉRANGER has said in one of his addresses to the French, "Mes chansons c'est moi." Yes; his songs are the very impersonation of himself. The progress of his mind from youth to age may be traced in them with unerring accuracy. Through them he gave utterance to the thoughts which burned in his own bosom, and which were destined to kindle the wild democracy of France into a flame. By them alone he sought for that fame and power for which he thirsted. By them he crushed his enemies, by them he served his friends. And when the ascendancy of that political party, whose triumph he had so signally promoted, placed political power within his reach, he was not for a moment tempted to forget his exclusive allegiance to song. He would still be a *chansonnier*, and nothing more. This was his vocation, as he himself says in those most touching and pathetic lines:—

"Jété sur cette boule
Laid, chetif, et souffrant;
Etouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand;
Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit:
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit!"

A man will do well that to which he bends all the powers of his soul. But this is not sufficient to account for Béranger's pre-eminent success in the difficult line he chose, though it no doubt forms one element of it. His secret must be sought rather in this, that his songs are the genuine utterances of a passionate heart, and that that heart was French to the core. In their careless gaiety, their light gallantry, their libertinism, if you will, his songs represent the mind of the *franc Gaulois*. Like every great work of art, they speak, not to the educated few alone, but to the people. But the French mind was stirred when Béranger wrote by deeper emotions. France was smarting under the deep humiliation of being ruled by a dynasty imposed upon her by foreign bayonets. She saw her armies conquered and disgraced, and him, who represented in her eyes the cause of victorious democracy, an exile from her soil, and a prisoner in the hands of her enemies. The same hated dynasty which rejoiced in her dishonour, was seeking to restore the religion which, by her own free choice, she had repudiated. These were the events which occupied the thoughts of the nation when Béranger first appeared before the public; and to the feelings of hatred and shame and vengeance which they inspired he made his appeal. 'L'Habit de Cour,' 'Le Marquis de Carabas,' 'L'Anglomane,' 'Les Es-

claves Gaulois,' and 'Psara,' were all telling blows dealt at the very foundation of the throne; while in 'Les Chantres de Paroisse,' 'La Messe du Saint Esprit,' and, after his imprisonment, 'Le Cardinal et le Chansonnier,' he gave expression to the popular hatred of the Church, associated as it was in the minds of the people with Bourbon rule and legitimacy. When the Revolution of 1830 raised the principles which he had advocated to power, he considered his political mission to be at an end. From thenceforward till 1833, his songs are directed against social rather than political or religious abuses. Of this period is the ode addressed 'A mes amis devenus Ministres,' and 'Jacques,' that exquisitely touching and inflammatory attack on the *impôt* imposed by the government of Louis Philippe.

After the year 1833, Béranger published no more songs. In his retreat near Tours he still continued to sing; but it was "alone," as he says, and for his own pleasure; and the present volume is the result. He prefixes a preface containing his last words to the public. It is highly characteristic, and sparkles in every line with the light and brilliant satire of which he was a master. The opening is an apology for his habitual love of retirement; but this apology soon becomes a humorous remonstrance. "We live," he says, "under a system of great publicity; and from the many advantages of this system result some inconveniences. For example, every one thinks that he has a right to publish your letters without your consent. Your friends write your memoirs, or even take your portrait or your bust, without having ever seen you, and make a peep-show of you for the amusement of *quid-nuncs*. Finally, have you a friend who is a journalist? He thinks he can find the materials for an article in you; he tears you up into pieces, and sells you at so much a line."

Many of his political friends treated his retirement from politics as a treason to his party. "I am not sure," he says, "that some who could not succeed in getting themselves bought have not gone so far as to say that I have sold myself." He confesses that his friends in office were not quite the same as his friends in opposition; but he proceeds:—"I should fail in a duty, if I did not add that my friends, when they came to power, have often enabled me to be of service, the surest means of attaching me to them by the bonds of gratitude. This sentiment, to me so natural, would not have hindered me, however, from attacking acts which appeared to me worthy of blame; but the difficulty would have been to reconstruct, and say over again in song, almost everything that I had said under the last government. Our statesmen do not pique themselves much on invention; they live by plagiarisms. Abuses and errors are renewed, succeed one another, and are perpetuated amongst us with a marvellous facility. Besides, hisses are produced with labour, and I defy the happiest imagination to supply for more than fifteen years the sketches, the burdens, and the verses, small and great, which the opposition expects from a song-writer. The most fertile genius has but a limited number of forms to apply to the thought which is all the world's raw material. Mine were exhausted, or nearly so; it belongs to younger men to try the adventure." If ever party might say, 'Save us from our friends,' it was when Béranger addressed these last words to the political asso-

ciates of his youth. Never was irony so sharp and trenchant.

His next reason for retiring from the political arena is derived from a state of things which prevails in this country no less than in France. The people have ceased to believe in, or to care for political parties, and occupy themselves in endeavouring to solve the social problems which have a direct and immediate bearing upon their happiness and prosperity. Now the contests of party may supply materials to the poet; not so the problems of political economy. "Let us add that the people, instructed by the spectacle of our shabby and interested ambitions, disabused with respect to most of those whom they had made their idols—the true people, that for which and with which I sang—condemned to believe in nothing, to love nothing, holds itself apart from the evolutions of politics, like an impartial jury, called to pronounce one day, in the last resort, upon the long debates of our pettifogging and grasping age." Social science and philosophy, not poetry, are the engines for the improvement of the present epoch.

Convinced of this, M. Béranger, as he informs us, often determined to spend the last years of his life on a work in prose expressly intended for the education of the working classes. But he found that in old age it is difficult to embark upon a new and untried ocean. He next adopted the idea of writing biographies of eminent public men, his contemporaries, and had almost finished some of them. But the impossibility of obtaining information at once sufficiently extensive and sufficiently accurate deterred him from pursuing his plan; and he destroyed what he had already accomplished. He had been accustomed to treat politics as a sentiment; he could not in his old age learn to treat it as a science.

The admirers of Béranger—and who that has read can fail to admire him?—will find much to regret, and something to console them in the songs of his old age. They will look in vain for anything like the joyous 'Roi d'Yvelôt,' or 'Roger Bontemps,' or 'Madame Gregoire.' The age for these charming ebullitions of the *insouciant* spirit of the 'Franc Gaulois' has passed away. Neither do we find another 'Jacques,' or 'Les Hirondelles.' But, on the other hand, there are fewer offences against the *bienséances*. Some Napoleonic ballads remind us of the Scottish legends in the Border Minstrelsy, and exhibit all that idolatry of the first Napoleon which is at once so poetical and so unreasonable. It has always been a superstition amongst the peasantry that their hero is still alive, and will one day reappear among them. The Britons believed it of Arthur, the Anglo-Saxons of Harold, the Scotch of James the Fourth; and it appears that the French believe it of Napoleon. This idea is embodied in the following exquisite ballad:—

"IL N'EST PAS MORT.

"A moi soldat, à vous gens de village,
Depuis huit ans on dit: Votre Empereur
A dans une île achevé son naufrage:
Il dort en paix sous un saule pleureur.
Nous sourions à la triste nouvelle,
O Dieu puissant, qui le créa si fort,
Toi qui d'en haut l'as couvert de ton aile,
N'est-il pas vrai, mon Dieu, qu'il n'est pas mort?"

"Lui, mort! oh! non. Quel tremblement de terre,
Quelle comète annonça son trépas?
Croyons plutôt que la riche Angleterre
Pour le garder a manqué de soldats.
Les étrangers qu'épouvantait sa gloire
Feignent en vain de déplorer son sort;
En vain leurs chants exaltent sa mémoire,
N'est-il pas vrai, mon Dieu, qu'il n'est pas mort?"

"Il partagea deux fois mon pain de seigle,
Et de sa main il m'attacha la croix;
J'ai toujours vu, moi qui portais son aigle,
La mort en lui respirer notre choix.
Et des Anglais auraient cloué sa bière!
Et de sa tombe le défendraient l'abord!
Et sous leurs pieds il deviendrait poussière!
N'est-il pas vrai, mon Dieu, qu'il n'est pas mort?"

"Nous, ses enfants, nous savons qu'un navire
A ses goéliers n'aurait pas ravi;
Que, depuis lors, dans son immense empire,
Déguisé, seul, il erre, poursuivi.
Ce cavalier de chétive apparence,
De la forêt ce braconnier qui sort,
C'est lui peut-être: il vient sauver la France.
N'est-il pas vrai, mon Dieu, qu'il n'est pas mort?"

"Mais dans Paris, parmi le peuple en fête,
J'ai cru le voir: je l'ai vu: c'était lui.
De la colonne il contemplant la façade,
Emu, troublé, je cours; il avait fui.
Reconnaissant un vieux compagnon d'armes,
Si de ma joie il a craint le transport,
Pour se cacher ma joie avait des larmes.
N'est-il pas vrai, mon Dieu, qu'il n'est pas mort?"

"Un matelot, qui connaît l'Inde esclave,
Pour nous servir vent qu'il y soit passé.
Il mène au feu le Mahraïte si brave,
Et des Anglais l'empire est menacé.
Courant, volant, foudroyant des mitrailles,
Oui, de l'Asie il revient par le nord.
Hélas! sans nous qu'il livre de batailles!
N'est-il pas vrai, mon Dieu, qu'il n'est pas mort?"

"Des nations chacune a sa souffrance:
Il manque un homme en qui le monde ait foi.
C'est lui qu'on veut; rends-le vite à la France;
Mon Dieu, sans lui je ne puis croire en toi.
Mais, loin de nous, sur des rochers funestes,
Dans son manteau si pour toujours il dort,
Ah! que mon sang rachète au moins ses restes!
N'est-il pas vrai, mon Dieu, qu'il n'est pas mort?"

These Napoleonic ballads are, in our opinion, the best. The poet's heart was evidently with them. But it is needless to say that in a collection of songs by Béranger, there are here and there snatches of the finest poetry and the subtlest wit. Amongst the joyous strains in his older, or rather more youthful style, is the enlivening song entitled 'Au Galop' of a deeper tone than anything he had before written is 'Le Chapelet du Bonhomme.' It is too long to give at length. We will quote the first and the last verses:—

"Sur le chapelet de tes peines,
Bonhomme, point de larmes vaines.
—N'ai-je point sujet de pleurer?
Las! mon ami vient d'expirer.
—Tu vois là-bas une chaumière:
Cours vite en chasser la famine;
Et perds en route, grain à grain,
Le noir chapelet du chagrin. } Bis.

"Le bonhomme enfin de sourire,
Et son oracle de lui dire:
Heureux qui m'a pour conducteur!
Je suis l'ange consolateur.
C'est la Charité qu'on me nomme.
Va donc prêcher ma loi, Bonhomme,
Pour qu'il n'est plus un grain
Au noir chapelet du chagrin. } Bis."

Béranger has been accused of a want of respect for religion and morality. We do not mean to defend him; but we cannot help quoting his own apology, because we believe it conveys a useful lesson, and one much needed, to the leaders of what is called the religious world in this country. "Some of my songs," says the poet, "have been called 'impious,' the poor things! by attorney-generals, solicitor-generals, and their subordinates, who are all very religious men before the audience. On this subject I can only repeat what has been said a hundred times. When in our days religion is made a political engine, she exposes herself to having her sacred character forgotten. The most tolerant become intolerant towards her. Believers, who believe something else besides what she teaches, retaliate by attacking her in the very sanctuary itself."

In a letter from Béranger to his publisher, Perrotin, prefixed to this volume, is disclosed a fact which deserves to be recorded in the curiosities of literature. It appears that the

poet secured to the publisher and his heirs the copyright of all the songs which he had written and should write, in consideration of an annuity of eight hundred francs, or 32l. This modest sum was voluntarily increased by Perrotin to twelve hundred francs, or 48l, an exercise of voluntary liberality which does him honour. But the fact still remains that for poems which were read and learned by heart, and sung not only in Paris, but in every provincial town and village in France, in every country in Europe, where was to be found a man who could read French, the author received less than 50l. a-year for his life! We are accustomed to see this sort of thing in the case of mill-owners and their workmen. The mill-owner, who supplies the capital, dies a millionaire; the operative, who does the work, dies in the poor-house. But it is not often that the different lots of the capitalist and the worker are placed in such strong contrast as in this arrangement between Perrotin and Béranger.

Riverston. By Georgiana M. Craik. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The Ruling Passion. By Rainey Hawthorne. 3 vols. Bentley.

Does anybody know what became of Paganini's fiddle? Our impression is very strong that it was purchased for a large sum, in the full conviction that the possession of it would enable the new proprietor to play as well as Paganini. If the reader thinks the idea a good one, he will be pleased to give all the merit of having suggested it to Miss Craik, whose book is about the most remarkable illustration we have ever seen of the sort of music which mediocrity makes when it happens to get hold of the harp of genius. To drop the metaphor, 'Riverston' is a very clever and very servile imitation of the writings of Miss Brontë; so clever, that we should recommend Mr. Thackeray to borrow a chapter or two against the next edition of 'Punch's Prize Novelists'; so servile, as to argue that the authoress has as yet a very inadequate notion of the conditions on which alone a literary reputation worth having is to be obtained. This is the more remarkable, when we consider the motto she has thought fit to place upon her title-page:—

"The power, whether of painter or poet, to describe rightly what he calls an ideal thing, depends upon its being to him not an ideal but a real thing. No man ever did or ever will work well, but either from actual sight, or sight of faith."—RUSKIN.

Mr. Ruskin never wrote truer or nobler words. But how any one should receive them as a precept, and then go and write a book like 'Riverston,' surpasses our comprehension. Miss Craik cannot possibly be ignorant that most of her characters, many of her incidents, her entire cast of thought, and the very form and cadence of her sentences, are borrowed from the writings of her predecessor. The heroine is—a governess, too!—a complete Jane Eyre, minus her nobility of soul, and plus an amount of snappishness, imperiousness, and perversity, that make her by many degrees the most disagreeable young lady we remember having met in a novel. The hero is a Rochester, discriminated from his prototype by the ingenious expedient of being made very short, instead of very tall, and provided with the additional elegance of a hump. We never meet an ugly man in a work of fiction now—

days without being sure that the pattern young lady is going to fall in love with him. Accordingly, the very first mention of Mr. Gilbert Kingsley's deformity set us quite at ease as to the nature of the catastrophe—and the matrimony that winds up the third volume was doubly welcome as putting a close to a very uninteresting tale, and affording us ample ground for self-congratulation on our sagacity.

The truth is, that Miss Craik has not done herself justice. She is clearly made for much better things than copying other people's novels. We yield to none in admiration for Miss Brontë's fictions, and the higher our estimate of these, the easier to understand and excuse the fascination they have exerted on a young and inexperienced writer. Rightly used, they teem with instruction as well as delight, and their most valuable lesson is the necessity of perfect genuineness, and care that everything thought or written be a spontaneous growth of the mind, not a foreign importation. Should Miss Craik maintain this to be the case with her novel, we must reply that she may be sincere in thinking so, but that she most certainly deceives herself. The biography of Charlotte Brontë—which has doubled the value of her works, by showing how deeply her own experience coloured, and how strongly her own heart throbbed in them all—shows at the same time that they were the product of exceptional circumstances, and a discipline and mode of life, indeed, far less gloomy than appears to critics ignorant of the north—but still such as few other human beings can ever have known. If, then, the said beings attempt a close imitation of these works, they pretend to draw from an experience which is not theirs, and so incur the just rebuke which our authoress has so innocently quoted from Mr. Ruskin. It is, we are satisfied, morally impossible that any two people should bear as close a resemblance to each other as 'Riverston' does to 'Jane Eyre.' No one is likely to resemble Charlotte Brontë more than her sister Emily—yet how clear is the distinction between the works of Currer Bell and 'Wuthering Heights!' We have not, then, yet seen Miss Craik in her true likeness, and it will be at once most wise and most kind to consider 'Riverston' as *non avvenu*, and suspend a definite judgment till we have. We part from her with the advice of the stars to Mr. Matthew Arnold—"Resolve to be thyself."

With much less pretension, and much less literary ability, 'The Ruling Passion' is a far more entertaining and agreeable story. The plot, which turns upon the gross injustice of a father to three of his children, that the fourth may have the means of preserving the landed estate in the family, is indeed disfigured by many improbabilities, but leads to more than one situation conceived in a truly dramatic spirit, and wrought out with truly dramatic power. The characters are by no means creations, but they have many striking traits; and the style, though frequently diffuse, generally exhibits a fair amount of spirit and vigour. Notwithstanding a weak underplot, and an unfortunate propensity to common-place moralising, 'The Ruling Passion' deserves praise, as on the whole a very readable fiction—and, supposing it a fair specimen of the author's powers, we shall not be sorry to find his "ruling passion" one for the composition of novels.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Khirgis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia.* By Thomas William Atkinson. Hurst and Blackett.
- Captivity of Two Russian Princesses in the Caucasus: including a Seven Months' Residence in Shamil's Seraglio.* Communicated by themselves, and Translated from the Original Russian. By H. Sutherland Edwards. Smith, Elder, and Co.
- The Memoirs of the Duke of Saint Simon on the Reign of Louis XIV. and the Regency.* Abridged from the French. By Bayle St. John. Vols. III. & IV. Chapman and Hall.
- The Haskeesh Eater: being Passages from the Life of a Pythagorean.* Sampson Low, Son, and Co.
- The Exiles of Italy.* By C. G. H. Edinburgh: T. Constable and Co.
- An Account of Church Bells; with some Notices of Wiltshire Bells and Bell-Founders.* By Rev. William C. Lukis, M.A., F.S.A. J. H. Parker.
- Handbook of the Science and Practice of Medicine.* By William Aitken, M.D. Edinburgh: R. Griffin and Co.
- History of King Philip, Sovereign Chief of the Wapanagoes: including the Early History of the Settlers of New England.* By John S. C. Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Low, Son, and Co.
- A Manual Flora of Madeira and the Adjacent Islands of Porto Santo and the Desertas.* By Richard T. Low, M.A. Part I. Thalamifloræ. Van Voorst.
- The Satires of Juvenal and Persius.* With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, from the best Commentators. By Charles Anthon, LL.D. New Edition. Revised by T. Talboys Wheeler, W. Tegg and Co.
- Caste.* By the Author of 'Mr. Arle,' 3 Vols. Hurst and Blackett.
- The Bridal Souvenir.* Illuminated by Samuel Stanesby. Griffith and Farran.
- The Young Widow.* By Mackenzie Daniels. T. Hodgson.
- Constance and Edith; or, Incidents of Home Life.* By a Clergyman's Wife. T. Hatchard.
- Ballads and Lyrics: Illustrations of Events in the Early English History.* By the Rev. F. W. Mant, B.A. Bell and Daldy.
- The Curse of Schomyl: and Other Poems.* By Francis Fitzhugh. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.
- London Lyrics.* By Frederick Locker. With an Illustration. By George Cruikshank. Chapman and Hall.
- The Youth's Companion and Counsellor.* Edited by W. Chambers. W. and E. Chambers.
- Post-Office Directory of Cheshire; with Map.* Kelly and Co.
- A Practical Guide to French Conversation.* By Fr. De la Fruston. Trubner and Co.

SINCE Mr. Gladstone published his letters on the prisons of Naples, the wrongs and sufferings of the Italians have not diminished. The story of the escape of Felice Orsini from an Austrian fortress has recalled attention to the bondage under which the northern states of the Peninsula are enthralled. Thousands of Italians, including some of the most noble and excellent of the land, are now pining in dungeons, from which they will never be released except some political convulsion sets them free. "I cannot honestly suppress my conviction," says Mr. Gladstone, "that the object in the case of Poerio, as a man of mental power sufficient to be feared, is to obtain the scaffold's aim by means more cruel than the scaffold, and without the outcry which the scaffold would create." Prisoners of less public note are day by day sinking under the cruel discipline of their places of confinement. Many are the exiles who in poverty and distress suffer hardships almost as severe as those of their imprisoned fellow-countrymen, yet borne up by the blessing of freedom and the hope of a better future for their native land. It is from the narratives and conversations of some of the better class of Italians in this country, aided by the published works on the events since 1848, that the story of the exiles of Italy has been written, by one who appears to have a deep sympathy with the cause of Italian independence. Although in the form of fiction, it is really a historical work, the chief events of the era of the republican struggle being introduced, and almost all the characters being real personages, though the names of some of them are disguised. The mere framework of the story is not of much consequence, its texture being slight, and evidently intended only for the convenient presentation of the historical facts and political reflections. As against foreign and spiritual oppression, English readers will warmly sympathize with the views of the writer, but the real obstacle to Italian prosperity lies in the jealousy between the republican and constitutional parties. While the liberals have not the magnanimity and good sense

to unite among themselves, they cannot hope to work out the regeneration of their country. The constitutional progress of Sardinia is as hateful to many of the exiles in this country as the despotism of Naples. Till a better feeling on this matter prevails, the Italians cannot expect to meet with general sympathy or public aid from England. The writer of this work makes one of the interlocutors, Signor Belmonte, vehemently deny the existence of any such petty jealousies, but every one who has been brought into contact with the Italian exiles in London knows with regret that the charge is true.

Dr. Aitken's Handbook of the Principles and Practice of Medicine had its origin in an article written for the Encyclopedia Metropolitana, by the late Dr. Robert Williams, of St. Thomas's Hospital. Retaining the substance of Dr. Williams's theory of disease, as afterwards more fully developed in that physician's valuable work on Morbid Poisons, Dr. Aitken has revised and rewritten the article, and expanded it into one of the volumes of systematic treatises now in course of publication by the present proprietors of the Encyclopedia Metropolitana. It is a work worthy of belonging to the series in which it has a place. Besides the surviving contributors to the original quarto edition of the Encyclopedia, the services of some of the ablest writers and highest authorities on their special subjects have been secured for the new series of treatises, many of which form complete manuals of the various arts and sciences. Of this kind, in the section of the Applied Sciences, is Dr. Aitken's Handbook of Medicine. It is divided into three parts; first, Nosology, or the classification of diseases; second, Special Pathology and Therapeutics, or the description of the symptoms and treatment of particular maladies; and third, Medical Geography, or the geographical distribution of health and disease. In the first and third parts there is much matter not commonly found in medical treatises. The labours of Dr. Farr, and other statistical inquirers in this country, and the researches of Dr. Mühy in Germany and M. Boudin in France, supply materials for this part of the work, which is also illustrated by the scientific studies of Berghaus, Humboldt, and Keith Johnstone, one of whose ingenious and instructive maps is inserted in the work. In the practical parts of the treatise Dr. Aitken also shows himself well acquainted with the literature of his profession. His Handbook is one of the best medical treatises for study or for reference, embracing the most recent discoveries and improvements.

In the year 1645, in order to strengthen themselves against the hostile attacks of the Indians, the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven, formed a confederacy, under the name of the United Colonies of New England. In the Indian wars that raged in the latter half of the seventeenth century, the greatest foe of the white men was King Philip, or Pommetacum, younger son of Massasoit, a renowned warrior and chief. From 1661 to 1677 Philip maintained a not unsuccessful contest with the increasing power of the colonists, and his death, by the bullet of an Indian traitor, relieved the English from a formidable and relentless enemy. The story of Philip's adventures is narrated in a volume by John S. C. Abbott, of Brunswick, Maine, with notices of the early struggles of the settlers in New England, from the first landing of the pilgrims in Plymouth Bay in November, 1620. It is a popular narrative of events interesting to English as well as American readers. The illustrations are much superior to those commonly seen in American publications.

The name of the Rev. Mr. Lowe is well known not only to professed naturalists but to all who have visited the island of Madeira, of which he has been one of the most zealous and successful scientific explorers. Hitherto Mr. Lowe has only published in a fragmentary form papers on the Fauna and Flora of Madeira and of the surrounding seas. It is his purpose now to produce a systematic series of manuals, descriptive of the birds, fishes, shells, and plants, marine and terrestrial. The insects of the island have been fully described

by Mr. Wollaston. Part the first of the projected *Flora Madeirensis* comprises twenty-one natural orders of Phænogamous plants. Mr. Lowe's long residence on the island, for twenty-six years continuously, besides a brief recent visit, has qualified him to undertake this work, which will be prized by naturalists, while affording to visitors to the island a useful guide in their excursions. The *Phænogamic Flora* now published is complete in itself, but the subsequent parts of the work will be paged and arranged so that all may be ultimately bound in a single volume, which will present a systematic manual of the natural history of the Madeira group. We would suggest to Mr. Lowe that an introductory sketch of the geology of the island, for which Sir Charles Lyell has now given ample materials, and a list of insects from Mr. Wollaston's book, would make the volume more complete.

The editions of the classics by Professor Anthon, of Columbia College, New York, are amongst the best that have yet appeared, and some of them are as widely popular in this country as in America. Of the Roman satirists, Juvenal and Persius, a good school edition, with notes, has been long a desideratum, which Professor Anthon has now supplied. The labours of Böttcher, Beck, Heinrich, Jahn, and other recent scholars, have thrown much additional light on Roman life and manners under the empire, and the results of their archaeological inquiries, as well as of the more strictly philological elucidations of the text, are judiciously used by Professor Anthon in his illustrative notes. Being intended for educational use, it is an expurgated edition, those satires being omitted which refer to vices and crimes the discussion of which it is not advisable to bring before the young. The revised English edition, by F. Talboys Wheeler, author of the *Geography of Herodotus*, introduces Professor Anthon's work in this country in a neat and convenient form, and with a clearness of typography to which American publications rarely attain. Mr. Wheeler's brief prefatory essay gives a just and discriminating estimate of Juvenal and Persius as satirists, pointing out the characteristics of their styles, and comparing them with other masters in the same field of literature. For studies in ancient history and moral science as well as in classical language, this is a class-book deserving to be generally used.

'The Bridal Souvenir,' illuminated by Samuel Stanesby, and printed in colours by Ashbee and Dangerfield, is a splendid specimen of decorative art, in keeping with the brilliant and iridescent hues in which all things are supposed to be clothed in bridal seasons. More elaborate and tasteful ornament in gold and colours has rarely been applied to literary illumination since the times when art was used for the embellishment of books of devotion. Terrestrial love is better fitted for these material ornaments, and the passages of prose and poetry relating to wedded bliss are taken from many authors, from Milton and Cowper down to Martin Tupper and Mrs. Ellis. Some well-selected sayings and sentences by celebrated authors, and passages of Holy Scripture, are also illustrated. The flowers introduced into the illuminated border are chosen in accordance with their supposed signification in the Language of Flowers, a department of literature and philology with which sentimental readers are conversant. The volume is not only highly ornamental, but in its letter-press it contains more good sense and wholesome counsel than might be anticipated from its showy appearance. It is therefore well suited for a bridal gift.

A startling pictorial cover serves as an attractive advertisement to the story of 'The Young Widow,' in surveying the cheap volumes on the railway stalls, and the picture is not unexpressive of the general tone of the book. There are several scenes of melodramatic excitement, the writer being more an imitator of Alexander Dumas than of Walter Scott in this respect, though the characters and incidents are thoroughly Scottish, and the descriptions of northern life and usages are occasionally truthful and characteristic. The faults of the tale are many, but in subject and style it

forins so great a contrast to the ordinary novels of conventional life that it will scarcely fail to interest many readers.

Constance and Edith is one of those simple quiet tales of English domestic life which afford pleasure to youthful readers, not yet having the knowledge of good and evil in literature, and satisfied with slender excitement. As befits a book by a clergyman's wife, the tone is religious and moral, lessons being also conveyed on useful practical points in regard to behaviour and conduct. It is a tale that may be safely and with advantage put into the hands of children. Some of the sketches of rural scenes and character are evidently taken from life, and give a freshness to the book not commonly found in juvenile religious novels, which too often are dull and artificial compositions.

Compiled on the same principle, and with the same advantages, as the other County Directories of Kelly and Co., is a Post Office Directory of Cheshire, with a map engraved expressly for the work. After the success of the Southern Counties Directories, which greatly surpassed in fullness and accuracy all previous publications of the kind, the compilers were encouraged to extend the plan to other parts of England, and Yorkshire was the first of the northern counties undertaken. Cheshire is the second of these remote Provincial Directories, and we hope that the series may be continued so as to include the whole kingdom, of which it will form a valuable historical record besides the value of the work for present reference.

Professor de la Fruston's *Echo Français* is one of the best manuals for self-instruction in French conversation. The phrases and dialogues are well adapted to initiate the student into the ordinary language of good society, without the formal rules and exercises commonly used in class-books. It is not, however, the guide that will be most useful to tourists and merchants, as may be supposed from the author's prefatory explanation that he does not profess to regard French conversation in a general or national point of view: "C'est surtout la conversation ingénieuse, fine, délicate, agréable, piquante, et spirituelle, en un mot, le langage de bon ton et de bon goût, qui devait inspirer notre plume, comme il charme notre esprit." Such is the tone of the *Echo Français*.

New Editions.

Dr. Irving's Catechism of General Knowledge. By A. Cambridge, M.A. New Edition. Aylott and Co.
The Story of Jack and the Giants. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. Engraved by G. and E. Dalziel. New Edition. Griffith and Farran.
Fares for Hackney Carriages. Published by Authority of the Commissioners of Metropolitan Police. C. Knight.

DR. IRVING'S 'Catechism of General Knowledge' somewhat resembles in plan the useful little manuals of Pinnoke that formerly were so popular; but the attempt to convey in little more than a hundred pages any degree of knowledge in geography, astronomy, electricity, anatomy, the British constitution, domestic economy, manufactures, and a dozen other subjects, is a piece of educational charlatanism, which would not be attempted by a Cambridge M.A. if there were not a demand on the part of the public for superficial and flimsy books of the class.

Richard Doyle's illustrations to the ever popular story of 'Jack and the Giants' are not so humorous as many of his productions, but in clever drawing and spirited expression they are capital, and will secure for this volume the admiring attention of juvenile readers. The stories belonging to these pictures will be listened to with intense astonishment, and will excite a curiosity not often so readily or keenly awakened by books relating only to matter of fact. With children, at least, it cannot always be said that truth is stranger or more exciting than fiction, else Jack the Giant-killer would not so long have kept his place in the nursery.

A revised edition of the Hackney carriages fares lists, published under the authority of the Police Commissioners, contains tables of distances and fares from a hundred and twenty stands to at least thirty-three thousand places in all, within the

circle of four miles' radius from Charing-cross. The opening of the thoroughfare for public carriages through St. James's Park, and other recent alterations, have made a revision the more necessary, and former tables are cancelled. As in the previous publications, an abstract of the leading regulations and enactments is prefixed, and other useful information. Under each of the 120 stands are 275 distances, towards all possible points, involving an immense amount of careful measurement and laborious calculation, under the superintendence of Sir Richard Mayne, the results of which, though less important, are likely to be more generally appreciated than those of the Astronomer Royal himself.

Miscellaneous, Pamphlets, &c.

The Sepoy Rebellion. Reprinted from the 'London Quarterly Review.' A. Heylin.
The British Almanac of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. For 1858. Knight and Co.
Ophthalmic Hospital: Reports and Journal of the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital. Edited by J. F. Streatfield. No. 1. Churchill.
Proceedings of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool. No. 11. Printed for the Society.
Home Pastime: or, the Child's Own Toy Maker. With Practical Instructions and Illustrations. By E. Ludells. Griffith and Farran.
Presbyterian Liturgies; with Specimens of Forms of Prayer for Public Worship, as used in the Confederal, Reformed, and American Churches. Edited by a Minister of the Church of Scotland. Edinburgh: Myles Macphail.
Dr. Davidson; his Heresies, Contradictions, and Plagiarisms. By Two Graduates. Wertheim and Macintosh.

REPRINTED from the 'London Quarterly Review' for October, is an article on the Sepoy rebellion, containing a summary of the historical events from the outbreak of the mutiny to the revolt of the regiments at Dinapore. The tidings of the capture of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow had not arrived when the article was written, but the speedy suppression of the disturbances is anticipated. The narrative is compiled from the despatches and letters that have appeared in the newspapers, and the statements as to the causes and probable results of the insurrection, and the future management of the Indian army and government, are only repetitions of remarks and arguments with which the public are already familiar.

'The British Almanac and Supplement,' originally published under the superintendence of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, still retains its reputation as one of the most solidly instructive annuals of the class. Besides the ordinary contents of almanacs, much space is given to social and statistical papers, reports of public improvements, abstracts of legislation, chronicles of historical events, and the like. Thus there is a copious abstract of the proceedings of the Birmingham Social Conference, and a narrative of the attempt to lay down the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, and a chronological account of the connexion between India and this country, with other important papers suggested by occurrences of the past year. For occasional reference rather than daily use the 'British Almanac' will continue to be a valued annual publication.

The first number has appeared of a new quarterly periodical to be devoted to ophthalmic surgery, embracing reports of cases and operations at the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, edited by Mr. J. F. Streatfield. A journal of this kind will contain much information of practical interest to professional readers. Among the cases in the present number is an account of a reinstated (artificial) pupil, the result of a skilful operation by the editor. The reports of the chief operations at the Hospital are drawn up by Dr. Baker, curator and registrar.

In the last number of the Proceedings of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool are several papers of unusual interest. One of these, by Dr. Ihne, Vice-President of the Society, is an historical estimate of the life and character of the Emperor Tiberius, who is shown to have been a wise, just, and able ruler, the proofs being chiefly drawn from Tacitus, whose republican austerity makes the testimony of the facts the more remarkable. Dr. Ihne's statements are all supported by

good authority, and his conclusions will scarcely fail to command assent, though running counter to the commonly received opinions as to the second of the imperial Caesars. The Romans had by this time lost all self-respect, and were unworthy of any form of government except a strong despotism, and this Tiberius wielded with an ability, firmness, and clemency, which brought tranquillity and improvement to every province of the Empire. At one of the meetings of the Society the following manuscript letter from Lord Nelson to his daughter was exhibited, written a few days before the battle of Trafalgar: "Victory, October 19th, 1805. My dearest angel,—I was made happy by the pleasure of receiving your letter of Sept. 19th, and I rejoice to hear that you are so very good a girl, and love my dear Lady Hamilton, who most dearly loves you. Give her a kiss for me. The combined fleets of the enemy are now reported to be coming out of Cadiz, and therefore I answer your letter, my dearest Horatia, to mark to you that you are ever uppermost in my thoughts. I shall be sure of your prayers for my safety, conquest, and speedy return to dear Merton and our dearest good Lady Hamilton. Be a good girl. Mind what Miss Connor says to you. Receive, my dearest Horatia, the affectionate parental blessing of your father, NELSON and BRONTE." This letter has been twenty-five years in the possession of a lady, and is not mentioned by the biographers.

As children soon tire of toys, and new playthings are sought, it is a boon to point out any home pastime by which a child may become its own toy-maker. One way of this being done is by cutting out shapes of pasteboard, and constructing an endless variety of objects, of which specimens are given in the very neat and ingenious models, with directions, published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran. With these cardboard, houses and mills, railway coaches and perambulators, with many other familiar objects, can be made. The tools necessary are stiff card, scissors, a sharp-pointed penknife, a stiletto or pincer, and a flat ruler, with gum and paste, and a board for cutting the shapes upon. It may readily be imagined that endless variety of amusement may be obtained by a skilful use of these tools and materials, but it is equally plain that young children will require to be closely watched if entrusted with the handling of sharp-pointed knives and stilettos. Except when there happens to be a strongly-marked taste for artistic ingenuity and juvenile architecture, this is a pastime less suited for the hands afterwards destined to handle cricket-bats or fowling-pieces, than for those which will wield drawing pencils or crochet needles.

List of New Books.

Adams's (W.) Cherry Stones, 5th ed., 12mo, cl., 3s. 6d.
Akenhead's Poems (Aldine Poets) new ed., f.p. 8vo, cl., 5s.
Alford's (H.) Quebec Chapel Sermons, Vol. VII., 12mo, cl., 6s.
Alkinson's (T. W.) Oriental and Western Siberia, cl., 22 2s.
Bell's (E.) Diary of Three Children, f.p., cl., 5s.
Bethell's (C.) Sermons Preached in Cathedrals, &c., cl., 10s. 6d.
Blunt's (Rev. J. J.) Right Use of the Early Fathers, 8vo, cl., 15s.
Broderip's Zoological Recreations, 3rd ed., 8vo, cl., 5s.
Burns' (R.) Poems and Songs, 4to, cl., 21 1s.
Carlyle's Works: Essay, Vol. IV., post 8vo, cl., 6s.
Children's (The) Bible Picture Book, 16mo, cl., 5s.
Christian Errors, 16th ed. Arguments, 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d.
De Pourquet's French Interpreter, 12mo, cl., 3s. 6d.
Edgar's (J. G.) Footprints of Great Men, f.p., cl., 4th ed., 3s. 6d.
Guernsey's Homeopathic Practice, by H. Thomas, 12mo, cl., 5s.
Humboldt's (J. S.) Opinions of the Indian Army, post 8vo, cl., 5s.
Humboldt's (J. S.) Travels, &c., post 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.
Hart's Complete Guide to Government Appointments, 2s. 6d.
Hutton's (J.) Popular Account of the Thugs and Dacoits, cl., 5s.
Kingsley's Sermons on National Subjects, 12mo, cl., 3s. 6d.
Kingston's (W. H. G.) P. Markham in Russia, cl., 5s.; gilt, 5s. 6d.
—S. H. Water. Mark Deaworth, &c., each, 5s.
Knapp's (A. J.) Roots and Ramifications, 12mo, cl., 4s.
Lane's (W.) Practical Arithmetic, 12mo, cl., 2nd ed., 4s.
Lockyer's (F.) London Lyrics, 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.
Lok's (W. C.) Account of Church Bells, 8vo, cl., 6s.
Merry Pictures, by Browne, Leach, &c., folio, bds., 12s.
Might, not Right, sq., cl., 5s. 6d.
Miller's (T.) Our Old Town, post 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d.
Miller's (T.) Poetry and Pictures, f.p., 4to; morocco, £2 2s.
Newbigging's (T.) Poems and Sonnets, f.p., 8vo, cl., 2s. 6d.
Palmer's (P.) Faith and Its Effects, 2nd ed., 18mo, cl., 2s. 6d.
Parry's New Keepsake, sq., cl., 3s. 6d.
Parry's (Rev. S.) Parochial Sermons, post 8vo, cl., 5s.
Precepts for the Conduct of Life, 12mo, cl., 1s. 6d.
Prideaux's Precedents in Conveyancing, 3rd ed., cl., 21 12s.
Roderick's (W.) Feudal Forms of Scotland, 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d.
Sabath Bells, 2nd ed., 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d.
St. John's (B.) Duke of St. Simon, Vols. III. and IV., 8vo, 21 1s.
Reveries and Characters, 8th ed., f.p., 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.
Scott's (G. G.) Remarks on Architecture, 8vo, cl., 5s.
Sunlight in the Clouds, &c., 2nd ed., 24mo, cl., 2s.
Symonds's (Rev. W. S.) Stones of the Valley, 12mo, cl., 5s.

Taylor's (J.) World of Mind, post 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d.
Tennyson's (A.) Miller's Daughter, illustrated, small 4to, cl., 16s.
Tuson's British Consul's Manual, 8vo, cl., 5s.
Webb's (C.) Man about Town, 12mo, bds., 1s. 6d.
Willie's First Drawing Lesson, by a Lady, sq., cl., 7s.
Wordsworth's (W.) Pastoral Poems, illustrated, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.
Youth's Companion and Counsellor, royal 12mo, cl., 5s.

ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CHAPEL-BELL.

THE wintry winds blow wild and shrill,
Like ghosts they shriek across the moor,
Or howl beneath the window sill—
Or shake with gusty hands the door :—
And hour by hour from some lone bell
A wizard sound at night doth steal ;
Sometimes 'tis like a funeral knell—
Sometimes 'tis like a marriage peal !
I know it is some fiend that stands
Within the Belfry's ghastly gloom,
And with its stark and fleshless hands
Rings out dead souls from tomb to tomb.

I long to weep—I pray to sleep—
But through the haunted house it sounds,
And through my flesh the chill veins creep
Like wintry worms in burial grounds.
A weight is on my heart, my brain ;
A shadow flits across the floor ;
And then I know it is in vain
To pine, or pray, or struggle more !—
Well—let the foul fiend ring till morn ;
Till the red sun awakens men :—
Yet though thus tortur'd and forlorn,
What then I did—I'd do again !—

He thought 'twas fine to feign a love
Which wooed my spirit to his feet ;
He rais'd his false, false eyes above,
And vowed—what's useless to repeat :
Whate'er he vowed, there is no name
So black on earth as his deceit ;
Whate'er he vowed, there is no shame
So vile as in his heart did beat !—
Ring out, thou bitter fiend, till morn
Awakes the prying eyes of men ;
Yet prison'd—madden'd—dread and forlorn—
What then I did—I'd do again !

Not slightly was I wooed or won ;—
For years the whispering false-one came,
And nought a saint might fear to shun
Forewarn'd me of the villain's aim :
I loved him—loved !—I would have died
If dying ought to him might spare ;
I would have every pain defied
To save him from a single care !—
Toll—toll, thou fiend, ring out and tell
The murd'rous deed from goal to goal ;
I know my name is writ in hell :
I feel there's blood upon my soul !

The dawn arose, but wait for me
The bridal train did nod and smile ;
As slowly, stately, three by three,—
They swept in beauty down the aisle :
I crept behind the pillar'd base,—
The Bride's white garments fann'd my cheek ;
The blood rush'd madly to my face,—
I dared not breathe—I could not speak !
Laugh out, thou fiend, laugh out and scorn,
With mocking sounds, my weary ear ;
Is there no other—lost—forlorn,—
No other wretch whose life's a tear !—

There rose a whisper—deep and low—
A sound that took away my sight ;
All things around me seem'd to flow
And wander in a demon light !—
I nerved my hand to grasp the steel,
I stepp'd between him and his bride ;—
Who'd think so black a heart could feel !—
Could pour so warm, so red a tide ?—
Is there no sinful soul but mine,
Thou endless fiend, that thou must make
These serpent sounds to hiss and twine
Around me till my senses ache !—

I had not stabb'd him—but I saw
My noble father's thin gray hairs ;
And that, perchance, which tears might draw
Drew blood upon me unawares :
I flung the shrieking bride apart,
I sprang before him in his guilt ;—
The steel went quivering to his heart :—
Would God my own blood had been spilt !
Laugh out, dark fiend ; beside me then
A wilder sound than thine was spread ;
A cry I ne'er shall hear again
Till every grave gives up its dead !

Twelve months—dark months—I groan'd in pain,
A curse lay heavy on my head ;
They tell me I have ne'er been sane
Since that wild hour the bridegroom bled !
They say no shadow stalks the room—
No midnight tolling haunts the gloom ;—
'Tis false—you hear it through the air !—
And see—the phantom passes—there !
Mad—mad ! 'twere blissful but to lose
One hour from self ;—one moment free
From thoughts that every hope refuse ;
From life whose lot is misery !

Mad—mad ? as if the sense could leave
The form it tortur'd !—never more
Shall I do ought but rave and grieve,
And wish—vain wish—this life were o'er !
Away !—a thousand lives have gone,
A thousand phantoms glide in hell ;
But not one perish'd—no, not one
So black in guilt as he who fell !
Night after night, 'mid sounds aghast,
That fiend, that spectre, haunts my way ;
What shall I see when life hath past,
And Night is mine that knows no day ?

CHARLES SWAIN.

Manchester, Nov. 3, 1857.

THE MIDDLE-CLASS EXAMINATIONS AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

SOON after the promulgation of the Society of Arts' scheme for the public examination of the members of Mechanics' Institutes, we called the attention of our readers to that most potent engine for the education of the middle and lower classes. We expressed our conviction of the beneficial results that would follow a plan which supplied students at such institutions with a stimulus to exertion, in the shape of an immediate and tangible advantage, to accrue from their own industry and zeal in the pursuit of knowledge. Our expectations were sanguine, but the result has surpassed them ; and, had it not been for the unfortunate state of things in the Society itself, discussed by us last week, we might now be sitting down to indite a panegyric of congratulation. At present, we prefer waiting to see whether the credit of having laid a vigorous hand to the plough is or is not to be effaced by the ignominy of looking back. There is, however, this much common to all meritorious undertakings, that the direct good they were especially designed to accomplish is wont to be accompanied by an amount of indirect service of which their promoters never dream, and which does not depend upon the success of the original enterprise. The founders of University College never imagined that they were virtually establishing King's College as well ; nor, probably, did it ever occur to the Society of Arts that their plans for the improvement of Mechanics' Institutes would supply a most valuable hint to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The discovery is mainly due to the penetration of the recently elected Head Master of Rugby—the Rev. Frederick Temple.

As Government inspector of schools in Devonshire, Mr. Temple had ample opportunities of acquainting himself with the deficiencies of middle-class education, and the scheme of the Society of Arts seems first to have suggested to him that these arose in great measure from the same causes as those which operated in the case of Mechanics' Institutes, and were to be remedied by the same means. The chief difference lay in this—that in the Institute the

extraneous stimulus must, from the necessity of the case, be brought to bear upon the scholar, but in the school, upon the schoolmaster. How, the problem ran, can we make it the interest of the preceptor to raise the education of the pupil to the highest possible standard? By making this proficiency a source of profit and honour to himself, was Mr. Temple's common-sense solution. The thought fructified, and not many months after the untiring zeal of Dr. Booth had set his own project fairly afloat, we find Mr. Temple urging its precise counterpart upon the University of Oxford. Let the University, he said, come boldly forward, and assume her proper position at the head of English education. Let her declare that her affectionate solicitude is not limited to those who pace her cloisters and frequent her schools, but that it embraces the whole youth of England. Be it hers to inquire into the nature of the instruction they receive, and the extent to which they profit by it. Let all fortunate in the first respect and diligent in the second obtain an evident mark of her sympathy and recognition; and let her never doubt that such tokens, wisely conferred, will win her the respect and attachment of a numerous and influential class. The ignorance which has been accustomed to decry our Universities as inert masses of pedantry, sworn antagonists to all innovation, and unable to understand or keep pace with the spirit of the age, may well be surprised to learn that the only discussion excited by this grand project referred to the means of carrying it into execution in the most effectual manner possible. Nor was Cambridge slow to follow the example of her sister. About the same time that Mr. Temple's plan was being definitely adopted by Oxford, Cambridge appointed a committee of Syndics to investigate the whole question, whose report appears simultaneously with the authoritative promulgation of the statutes of the other University. There is no substantial difference between the schemes. Each establishes two distinct examinations, one for youths not exceeding fifteen, the other for young men of not more than eighteen years of age. The first will go no further than to prove that the examinee has received a fair average education; the second, success in which makes the candidate A.A. (Associate in Arts), is designed to test his knowledge in two or more of the following subjects—English (including history and geography), classics, mathematics, physics, modern languages, drawing, and music. The last two subjects do not find a place in the Cambridge plan. It will be seen that this programme embraces everything that a youth can reasonably be expected to know, while the wise limitation in the number of subjects necessary for a pass provides against his being required to attempt too much. It should be added that each University has very properly established an examination in religious knowledge, but, with equal propriety, determined that it shall be entirely optional. This is a piece of liberality which should go some way towards removing that reputation for bigotry under which at least one of the Universities has hitherto laboured in popular esteem.

The Universities have done their parts well; it remains to be seen whether parents will now do theirs. It is evident that, to effect a general good, the proposed certificates must meet with a general demand; if few young men are likely to receive them, few schoolmasters will think it worth while to elevate the character of their schools. Parents may be assured that their sons' attainments can nowhere in the world be tested with more impartiality and more discrimination than at Oxford and Cambridge. They may also be assured that these examinations will be found to bear strongly upon the most important point of all—the *quality* of instruction. A schoolmaster's interest is often better served by his pupils' displaying the show than by their possessing the substance of information. Even where this is not the case, too many mistake the very nature of education, regarding it as the *communication of knowledge*, instead of a *mental discipline*. We are confident that the examinations of the Universities will be conducted on a very different principle. There inaccuracy

will stand no chance, and the mere barren knowledge of facts will find no favour.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

LORD DERBY has appointed the Rev. Drummond Percy Chase, M.A., Fellow of Oriel, and Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, in room of the late Dr. Bliss, an appointment which has given much satisfaction throughout the University.

A report is in circulation that Mr. Scott Russell, the builder of the *Leviathan*, offered to launch her for 50,000*l.* This was thought extravagant, and Mr. Brunel undertook to perform the task for 10,000*l.* It is said that the unsuccessful efforts to set her afloat have already cost upwards of 70,000*l.*

A week or two ago the first column of 'The Times' supplement announced the marriage of George, seventh Viscount Strangford, better known as the Hon. G. P. S. Smythe; and now we have to record his death. Mr. Smythe belonged to the class of men who unite the position of men of fashion, politicians, and *littérateurs*. Such were Mr. Stafford and Major Warburton; and it is singular that he should so soon have followed them to the tomb. His father, a diplomatist, and ambassador successively to Lisbon, Sweden, the Sublime Porte, and St. Petersburg, was known in literature as the translator of Camiens. The title of Baron Penshurst belongs to the family on account of their descent from a niece of Sir Philip Sidney. Mr. Smythe was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and soon after leaving the university he entered Parliament. He was for a short time Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs; but he maintained no position as a statesman, and it is as the author of 'Historic Fancies,' and one of the leaders of the Young England party, which some twelve years since excited attention, that he is best known to the world. It is with a smile that we look back now on the objects, so impossible of accomplishment, set forth by men so heterogeneous in character as Mr. Disraeli, Lord J. Manners, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, Sir John Hanmer, and Mr. Smythe. But still they made for themselves a name at the time, and formed a troublesome element in the House of Commons, as any knot of half-a-dozen members can do who unite for vexatious opposition. This combination Sir Robert Peel broke up by offering office to Mr. Smythe; had he chosen Mr. Disraeli instead, how different might have been the result! Mr. Smythe was a constant contributor to the *Morning Chronicle*, whilst it remained under Peelite management, and also wrote occasionally in reviews and magazines. He was a successful man in society, and by living very much in the world at the same time that he was working his mind by the harassing duties of newspaper writing, he probably laid the seeds of the malady which resulted in his early death. 'The Times' is full of stories of his career over which the grave had better close; but we cannot help making the trite reflection, how much less men, so gifted as Mr. Smythe was, do to leave the world better, happier, wiser than they found it, than their fellows might reasonably expect of them.

It was the fashion among certain writers to represent the state of the French camp before Sebastopol as a model of good management and foresight. The object was, of course, to show the deficiencies of our own arrangements. The truth is now beginning to transpire. Dr. Scrive, Physician-General to the French army, has just published a book, which shows that our allies were by no means exempt from the ordinary calamities of war. The number of officers and men sent by France to the Crimea was 309,278. Of these 200,000 were under medical treatment in the hospitals, for diseases of various kinds contracted during the campaign. Cholera, scurvy, frost bites, and typhus in succession ravaged the French camp. After the taking of Sebastopol, the heaps of refuse engendered a virulent typhus, and 19,000 men were at once placed *hors de combat*. Of the medical

staff 83 fell victims to disease in the course of the campaign.

Dr. John Fleming, a veteran and highly respected Scottish naturalist, died last week suddenly at Edinburgh, at the age of seventy-two. Since 1845, he has held the Professorship of Natural Science in the New College, Edinburgh, having been translated to that chair from a professorship in Aberdeen University, to which he was appointed in 1834. In earlier life he was for many years minister of the parish of Flisk, in Fifeshire, not far from the parish of Kilmany, of which Dr. Chalmers was the incumbent, with whom he was closely associated by a common love of science, as well as in professional sympathies. It was in his rural retirement at Flisk that he wrote the standard works which made his name known to naturalists,—the 'Philosophy of Zoology,' and the 'History of British Animals.' Since entering on his more public academic life Professor Fleming published no separate works, but his contributions to the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,' and to various periodicals as well as to encyclopedias and other systematic treatises, have been numerous and valuable. As a teacher he was energetic and successful, not only imparting to his pupils much instruction, but inspiring them with enthusiasm for scientific studies. His funeral, which took place on Tuesday, was attended by the members of the Royal Physical Society, of which he was president, and by the professors and students of the New College. His grave is in the Dean Cemetery, close to that of his friend and fellow-naturalist, the late lamented Edward Forbes.

The Very Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, Principal of the University of Glasgow, died at his residence in the College on Wednesday, in his 89th year. Dr. Macfarlane entered the Church of Scotland in 1792, and in 1823 was appointed Principal of the University, and Minister of the High Church of Glasgow, the old cathedral which Sir Walter Scott's Rob Roy first made classic, though not without more important historical associations. The late venerable Principal was not known in literature, but his academic addresses, and other public discourses, will be remembered by all who during the last quarter of a century have been connected with Glasgow College. Till within a few months of his death Dr. Macfarlane continued to perform all his official duties, and the vigour and good sense of his addresses as one of the Vice-Presidents of the British Association two years ago at Glasgow were remarked by those who attended that meeting.

The Exhibition of 1851 seems destined to be the father of a numerous progeny. The Art-Manufacture Association of Edinburgh has opened its second exhibition, and treasures of art have been contributed by the Queen, the Dukes of Portland, Hamilton, and Roxburgh, the East India Company, Mr. Johnstone of Alva, Cardinal Wiseman, Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Napier of Shandon, Mr. Stirling of Keir, and other eminent collectors.

A curious case affecting the Queen's prerogative has just been decided by Lord Campbell. It has always been the custom that the Crown should present to a benefice, vacant by the elevation of the last incumbent to the English episcopate. The Rev. Henry John Chitty Harper, being rector of the living of Stratfield-Mortimer, in the gift of the Provost and Fellows of Eton, has just been chosen Bishop of Christ Church in New Zealand; and the Queen, pleading the immemorial usage, claimed the right of presenting a clerk to the living which he had vacated. Lord Campbell has just decided that the custom applies only to the English episcopate; and that the right of presentation therefore remains with the Provost and Fellows. The case was tried on a *quære impedit* filed by the Attorney-General.

On Thursday last, Mr. Beresford Hope addressed the Maidstone Agricultural Association on the necessity of providing for the labouring classes a literature which should supersede the Newgate Calendar and the obscene ballads which have hitherto been their chief intellectual food. We cannot say that our experience agrees with this. The books to be found in cottages are generally

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obsolete works on divinity. Whether they are ever read, is another question.

The venerable ruins of Carnarvon Castle, where King Edward II. was born, are about to be protected from further decay, and placed as far as possible in a state of repair. The castle is Crown property, and the necessary funds will be obtained from the admission-fee charged upon visitors.

The Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the death of whose son we announced a few weeks back, has resigned the presidency of the Lancashire Independent College, and accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Uxbridge. Various reasons are assigned for this step, one being dissatisfaction at the treatment which Dr. Davidson, late professor in the college, has received from the trustees of that institution.

Alderman Finnis has addressed a letter to 'The Times,' containing a statement of the moneys received and paid on account of the Indian relief fund. The total sum received on the 24th instant was 280,749l. 5s. 8½d. The relief sent to India amounts to 54,477l. 13s. 9d. In this country 2878l. 9s. 7d. have been expended for the benefit of the sufferers. And after the payment of salaries, advertisements, &c., a balance remains in hand of 219,617l. 8s. 13d.

The Queen has granted to the widow of General Neill the right of assuming the title of Lady Neill, though her husband did not live to enjoy the dignity which was intended for him.

A new comet was discovered at Florence, on the 10th, by M. Donati; and according to his observations its mean time was 7h. 5m. 34s., right ascension 232° 8' 59", and declination 55° 44' 12". It was very faint. A telegraphic announcement of the discovery was immediately transmitted to Paris, London, Altona, Berlin, and Vienna. The comet has since been observed at Rome and Paris.

In the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris a communication was presented from Sir R. Murchison, on the fossils discovered by Mr. Slinn in Lanarkshire; and M. d'Archiac drew attention to it.

M. Alfred Maury of Paris, whose election to the Academy of Inscriptions et Belles Lettres was announced last week, has just published in that city the second volume of his remarkable 'Histoire des Religions de la Grèce Antique.' In it he treats with learning and eloquence of all forms of worship, of sacrifices, offerings, funerals, and rejoicings, of rites, mysteries, oracles, divinations,—in a word, of all that concerns the religion of the old Greeks.

The Marquis of Normanby's 'Year of Revolution,' of which a review appears this day in our columns, is to be translated forthwith into French, and published in Paris. It will probably make more noise in France than it is likely to do here. It is probable, indeed, that the noble author wrote it more for France than for England.

The municipality of Versailles has just placed a slab, with a complimentary inscription, in front of the house in that town in which La Bruyère, author of the 'Caractères,' lived for a long time, and in which he died.

In a series of 'Letters on Poetry,' M. Thales Bernard has proposed to found an "Academy of Foreign Literature." It would hold a middle place between the Academy which addresses itself to original literature, and the "Academy of Inscriptions" which is occupied in critical researches. The object of this new society would be to study, for instance, the national literature of England, Scotland, Germany, Finland, the Slave countries, the south of Europe, and Brazil. This proposal is introduced by some curious critical remarks on popular poetry. Mr. Bernard deprecates the attempt to be original, and adduces Homer and Virgil, the classicists of the eighteenth century, and the romanticists of the nineteenth, as examples of successful plagiarism. Here we can detect a confusion of thought. The adoption of the spirit of the age is confounded with the imitation of previous writers. Homer, he says, was not original, because he only embodied the popular traditions of his country. Virgil was not original, because he copied Homer. The

classicists of the eighteenth century copied ancient Rome; the romanticists of the nineteenth, mediæval Europe; and all owe their success to the fact that they built upon other men's foundations. But there is this wide distinction between the two classes of imitators whom M. Bernard adduces. Homer gave expression to the living thoughts and traditions of his age; he drew from men, and he therefore produced a great work. Virgil borrowed from books, and therefore his work is inferior. The classicists borrowed too from books, and therefore their writings are frigid and formal, and so far as the romanticists endeavoured to revive feelings which were dead and worn out, they too failed. It is only when the artist draws from nature, or from his own vivid conception of nature, that he produces a really great work.

Dr. Erlinger, a German archaeologist, who has for a considerable period been devoting much attention to the topography of the neighbourhood of Actium, professes to have discovered the precise locality where the engagement took place, as well as of the camps of Antony and Augustus. The exploration of the latter is said to have led to several very interesting discoveries. The modern name of Actium is Azio.

A convention was on the point of being entered into between the Austrian Government and this country, for the establishment of a submarine telegraph between Ragusa and Alexandria. This has been broken off. The British Government declines to acquiesce in the conditions required by Austria.

The city of Mayence has been visited with a terrific calamity. On the 18th instant, a laboratory, containing between 150 and 200 cwts. of powder, exploded, and laid the entire of the upper town in ruins. The church of St. Stephen has been destroyed, and two others seriously damaged. The Federal troops were exercising at the time. Eleven men were killed, one hundred and twenty-nine wounded. Eighteen bodies of civilians were found buried in the ruins, and three hundred are reported dangerously wounded. The explosion was distinctly heard at Frankfurt and Wiesbaden.

The Roman papers announce the death of Frau Sybille Mertens-Schaffhausen, one of the most celebrated of the German archaeological scholars and collectors of the day. She has written much and learnedly on coins and medals. Her collection of ancient money and works of art is amongst the completest and most perfect existing. She was a munificent patron of artists, and was looked upon in Rome, where she latterly resided, from her profound knowledge, cultivated taste, and general love and appreciation of art, as the Vittoria Colonna of the nineteenth century. Her fortune, a great part of which was sunk in valuable coins and works of art, was very large, and originated in one of the extensive banking-houses of Cologne.

FINE ARTS.

Poetry and Pictures from Thomas Moore. With Illustrations on Wood. Copiously Illustrated. Longman and Co.

The Shipwreck. By William Falconer. Illustrated by Birket Foster. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

To illustrate Moore by worthy congenial art has already employed the powers of a poetical painter—Maclise, with what success it needs not to say. The task has now been attempted by a variety of artists. Some are figure painters; some show skill in depicting wild boars, reindeer, and hares; but undoubtedly the composer most akin in feeling to the poet is Mr. Birket Foster, in his landscape scenes. He describes the *Vale of Avoca* in lines almost as delicate and harmonious as those of the original; and the ballad of 'Fly not yet' is appropriately accompanied by a midnight scene of silvery clouds and arching foliage overhanging a balcony where sit two

'maids who love the moon.' But the main effort of his accomplished art is in the illustration of the poem 'As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,' which, merely representing a sky half obscured with clouds, and a sea beneath in light and shadow, shows such power of delineation and lighting, as can spring only from the closest study of nature. A pretty sparkling shaded *Cottage scene* is given at page 67; but the *View of Venice* shortly after is of a higher order. The moon sails through a fleecy sky of unusual beauty; below is the church of San Giorgio, very dexterously relieved by lights on its various parts, and the glittering water in the foreground is cut by a dark gondola, within which two lovers are seated. The buildings in the distance are carefully studied. To produce so much pictorial effect in so small a compass is no trifling effort of art. *Innisfallen* is given in a tender delicate landscape—lake, island, and wood, under a silvery sky, and seen as in a frame between a stately portal of trees. Amongst those that follow, another view from under the arches of St. Mark's, Venice, *The Young May Moon*, and the *Summer Vale*, have each their own distinguishing beauties. Mr. E. Evans in each instance has been the engraver. Turning to the other landscapes, there is an imaginary scene of *The Dismal Swamp*, treated with true poetical taste by Jasper Cropsey, who afterwards appears with a tropical scene, *A North American River*, and a view of straggling moonlight and whirling water on the St. Lawrence. The careful study of these four designs is very conspicuous. W. J. Linton is the engraver. Samuel Read is the designer of a firm and careful sketch of the imaginary *Castle of Willumberg*, engraved by Evans.

But we turn to the figures, which in many instances are by distinguishing names. Here again we meet Maclise, though in vignettes only. The *Child-Love* (at p. 4), pillowing his head in a rosebud, and the fairy figure of *Folly* (p. 41), with the foxglove, are pretty, and characteristic of Maclise's taste and humour, but almost all the rest are too trivial to deserve having such a name attached to them. Mr. Pickersgill, as usual, gives us a number of full-proportioned, firmly-modelled young ladies and gentlemen, in dresses of conventional but uniform fashion, arranged in pairs, and not overflowing with amorous or any other expression. The actors in *Love's Young Dream* should be perhaps a little more airy and ethereal. The *Mars and Venus* (p. 240) is forcible and artistic if not elegant. Mr. Cope's designs, which are less substantial and decisive, have more elegance, as in the Greek *Maid and Youth* (p. 205). Mr. Horsley is at once natural and ingenious in the group of *Lovers* (p. 108); and in another clever design of *Love and Hope*, he has skilfully gone back to ancient Greece for hints wherewith to embellish Anacreontic Moore. Some vignettes after Haydon and Stothard are drawn from the same well-known sources.

George Thomas is another figure artist. His women are pretty; and the sketch of *Wisdom and Folly* (at p. 182) is really a clever bit of life-like acting. These extremely pleasing and successful designs are, in most instances, engraved with great skill by W. Thomas. Harrison Weir's animal subjects—*Hunting Scene* (p. 31), *The Gazelle* (p. 80), *Roebucks* (p. 124), *Reindeer* (p. 163), &c., all show the zeal with which the artist has applied himself to this speciality. Mr. George Thomas, with his *Russian Steed*, four legs in

air (at p. 213), is an unfortunate example of failure in this difficult branch of art. Finally, there are Mr. Frank Wyburd's delicate but inanimate beauties, and finished studies of Eastern life, of unequal but often distinguished ability, by Mr. Warren, a sea-side piece by Duncan, a group by Le Jeune, and another by G. H. Corbould. The initial letters and ornaments are by W. Harry Rogers. Tom Moore has rarely been submitted to such a variety of art-commentators, who display their own differences by attempting to ally themselves to him. The result is a volume of unusual gaiety and attractiveness.

The designer's inexhaustible vein has been pursued in great variety in illustrating the *Shipwreck*. Judiciously enough, we have land as well as water, sunshine interspersed with storm. English woods contrast with the Mediterranean isles; and some figure scenes here and there relieve the monotony of the prevailing land and sea pieces. All the ingenuity and power at the artist's command have been bestowed upon the final scenes—not uniformly unhappy—of the poem. *Parnassus* is a charming subject, and may be contrasted with the deadly *Lionna's Steep*, at the foot of which the vessel is beating. The illustrations are thirty in number altogether; all drawn by Birket Foster, and engraved by the following artists—W. T. Green, Edmund Evans, and the brothers Dalziel. The vignettes and initial letters are by Noel Humphreys, and engraved by H. N. Woods. The excellent life by George Carruthers, with its stirring narrative and admirable criticisms, adds another charm to this pleasing gift-book.

Ulysses defying Polyphemus. Chromo-lithographed by C. Ogle, from the original picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Rowney and Co.

MESSRS. ROWNEY have advanced the new and beautiful art with which their names have been chiefly associated to a higher point of perfection than has yet been attained in their splendid imitation of the above celebrated picture. It is needless at this period to describe the process of chromo-lithography, with which probably all our readers are familiar. It will be sufficient to say that the experience of an artist has been had recourse to to analyse the composition of this great work of Turner, and when the successive tints that went to make up this gorgeous piece of colouring were discovered, they have been arranged so as to be applied in succession, by a series of lithographic stones, to the same impression. In this instance no less than thirty-two plates have been employed, each bearing a portion of the entire composition, and charged more or less fully with a separate tint. To all these thirty-two stones, one after another, the same sheet of paper has been applied, the printing in each instance having first been allowed to dry. The result is a mass of colouring which certainly resembles not only the combinations, but even the handling of the painter with an extraordinary degree of faithfulness. The skill, the science, and the dexterous manipulation requisite to ensure success in such a complex operation as this may be well imagined. With the effect no observer can fail to be struck. The amount of specific colour is not only very large, but it is contrasted in just the same proportions as in the original. There is the indescribably splendid sky, only to be approached in words by the language of Shelley—

"The sanguine sun-rise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread;

and the still blazing fire of the cavern, where the deed of vengeance was wreaked upon the writhing giant.

In outline there is everything that can be wished. The detail extends to minutest objects, which are easily overlooked in the original. Such are the

touches, faint as with excess of light, that represent the horses of the car of Phœbus, the figures in the vessels on the right, the water-nymphs and dolphins, the representation of the siege of Troy, which is said to be figured on one of the vessel's ensigns, and the inscriptions on the rest. Thus Ulysses himself is found to be brandishing the still burning olive staff; and a variety of motives is supposed to be animating his crew. Some of the soldiers, it is said, are imploring Ulysses not to incense the fury of the Cyclops, whilst the sailors are getting the vessel out of reach of the rock he is about to hurl after them. To an artistic eye, the greatest charm is the effect produced by the super-position of transparent colours in various portions, but especially in the rocks and cliffs on the spectator's left. The appearance here presented has precisely the character, call it "juicy," "marrowy," or what you will, which is so fascinating to the eye, and in oil-painting is attainable only by the greatest masters. Amongst other peculiarities of Turner, the rule which he practised, of rarely, if ever, painting a straight line, is here remarkably shown. All of the spars of the vessel and outlines of the oars are given by means of one speck of colour obliquely overlying another. In short, we may venture to say that in this chromolith, whilst the poetical feeling of Turner is fully preserved, the flights and perhaps the freaks of his invention have been brought distinctly to view, and by a process as ingenious as it is successful, the masterly effects of his practised hand have been almost reproduced, or at least have been marvelously imitated, in impressions which are capable of indefinite multiplication. The skill and enterprise with which all this has been accomplished are worthy of the highest commendation, and manifest undoubtedly a prominent feature of the art tendencies of modern times.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

The following engravings have recently been published by Messrs. Graves:—

Titania and the Fairies. Painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Engraved by S. Cousins, R.A.

This was the picture originally called *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Sir E. Landseer, exhibiting all his marvellous skill in depicting animal expression, contrasted with the beauty of Titania, which is very decided. This was a subject by its very difficulties and requirements worthy of the art of Cousins, who has produced an engraving not inferior in light and shade, beautiful outline, and delicate finish to any of the works for which he is celebrated.

Prayer. The Duke of Argyll's Children. Painted by J. Sant. Engraved by H. Cousins.

This clever work owes its interest as much to its portraiture as to its subject. The group is pleasingly arranged, the expressions are not forced, as is too commonly the case; and the work has been treated with all the care of which the artist is capable. Judging from the engraving, the execution would seem to have been somewhat flat, but otherwise skilful and effective.

The Madonna. By James Sant. Engraved by Charles Tomkins.

This is an experimental work by Mr. James Sant; very pleasing in its general result, and engraved by Mr. Tomkins with great skill.

The Gardener's Daughter. Painted by J. Philip and R. Ansdell. Engraved by J. Chant.

An elegant combination of the characteristics of two distinguished painters. Ansdell is no less effective in depicting the horse than Philip has been successful in rendering the expression of gratified pride and flattering hope in the fair features of the gardener's daughter as she stands at the cottage door, contemplating the gift that has just been offered to her. All the rich details of this composition—the clustering leaves around the porch, and the delicious home-feeling of the scene, are in keeping with the subject, and have been faithfully rendered by the art of the engraver.

The Council of War in the Crimea. Painted by Augustus Egg, R.A. Engraved by S. Bellin.

The engraving of this admirable picture by Mr. Egg, described on a former occasion ('Lit. Gaz.' for 1846, p. 403) is now complete, and this original composition, which arrests the eye at once, both for its peculiarities and its truthfulness, will shortly come before the eyes of admiring thousands. No picture connected with the Crimea, at once so thoroughly English in its feeling, and yet so faithful in its characteristic details (embracing portraits of three such different men as Lord Raglan, Omar Pacha, and General Pelissier,) has been produced as this painting. Mr. Egg never so truly displayed his genius as here, and this excellent engraving will have the effect of extensively spreading the enjoyment which all admirers of art must feel in this remarkable composition.

Portrait of Dr. Rae. Painted by James Pease. Engraved by James Scott.

This is a spirited portrait of the celebrated Arctic traveller, and is engraved with much ability.

The last portion of the great monument to General Radetsky, which is to be erected in Prague, was most successfully cast at Nuremberg, at the foundry of the Herrn Burgeschmied Leng, before a large assembly of spectators. It consisted of the oak garland and the great shield, which alone is seven feet and a half in diameter. The casting took place on the morning of November 12th, at four o'clock, and notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, a great number of artists and persons interested in the subject had assembled. The whole colossal work will hardly be finished and erected in Prague before the autumn of the ensuing year.

The subject of Quentin Matsys' famous picture, *The Misers*, frequently a matter of controversy, would seem to have been set at rest by a paper read at a recent meeting of the Rosicrucian Society at Manchester. It was shown that the man with the book was a money-lender, and the money the amount paid for or lent on the jewel at the table. The writing in the book has been deciphered, and is shown to be a conversion of the coin of various countries into Antwerp currency.

A general collection is, by order of the government, to take place in all the Prussian provinces of the Rhine, to create a fund to defray the expenses of the repairs to be made in the cathedral of Ulm. Professor Rauch, of Berlin, has just received a magnificent block of pure Carrara marble, weighing forty-five thousand pounds, out of which he means to hew his statue of Moses.

Herr Georg Raaperger, the principal keeper of the Hungarian portion of the Austrian archives, died a few days since suddenly, in Vienna, from inflammation of the lungs.

The Pope has presented to the Queen of Spain a mosaic, representing the History of the Prodigal Son, in return for a painting of Murillo, of the same subject, given by her Majesty to his Holiness.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SEVERAL operas have been produced at St. James's theatre, which, if not more characteristic of the Neapolitan stage, are better adapted to please and satisfy an English audience than the melodramatic *Columella*, which commenced the series of performances. Very different in strain and in effect is the comic opera, *Crispino e la Comare*. 'The Cobbler and the Fairy,' by the brothers Luigi and Frederico Ricci. The story is a fairy tale, in which a poor cobbler, after vainly battling with the world, is driven to despair, and is on the point of throwing himself into a well to make an end of his troubles, when a dismally solemn fairy, not like our light northern spirits, rises up to rescue and protect him. She desires him to set up as a doctor, and promises to cure all the patients for him. Crispino performs marvellous cures, and becomes celebrated and rich. But prosperity corrupts him, and he becomes proud and insolent, and a tyrant in his home, though his wife had toiled with him in his humble life. The fairy resolves to punish him, and while undergoing the discipline Crispino awakes from a

dream, after promising amendment and praying for forgiveness. The music of the opera is light and flowing. Signor Carrione (the *Pulcinello* of the first piece performed) exhibited some comic humour as the cobbler, but to vocal accomplishments he has no pretensions. A buffo trio, in which three doctors hold a consultation, is one of the most amusing and clever pieces in the opera. The female vocalists of the company have not appeared to much advantage, but the prima donna is said to be still in reserve. Donizetti's comic opera, *Il Campanello*, has also been received with favour from the amusing acting as well as the merry cheerful music. An old apothecary, *Don Hannibal* (Signor Galli), having married a young wife, is the victim of a series of practical jokes by a disappointed suitor, *Don Enrico* (Signor Ferrario). *Enrico* comes to the house on the wedding night in a succession of capital disguises, the poor apothecary's surgery bell being kept ringing till the morning, when he has to set out on a distant journey. A dialogue between the apothecary and the pretended aged invalid, and other scenes, are capably acted and sung.

The first performance of the *Messiah* by the Sacred Harmonic Society is announced for the 11th of December, at Exeter Hall. Mr. Costa has commenced his great choral rehearsals of secular as well as sacred classical music, preparatory to the centenary Handel Festival of 1859. The experiment the other night showed that such a vast number of voices, however well adapted to sacred choral singing, spoils the effect of glees and madrigals.

There have been several dramatic novelties of late, but none to call for detailed criticism or lengthened notice. The regular Adelphi season may be said to have commenced last week, when Madame Celeste and Mr. Webster appeared in one of the wild melodramas for which this house is traditionally famous. It is an adaptation of the French piece, *La Légende de l'Homme sans Tête*, which obtained considerable favour last season at the Ambigu Comique. An amusing farce at the Haymarket, by Mr. Morton, takes its title from the celebrated Crimean telegraphic despatch, *Take Care of Dowb*; but this is a mere clap-trap advertisement, the piece being an ordinary scene of domestic disturbance, in which a *Mr. Dowbigging* (Mr. Buckstone) makes an absurd exhibition of himself through unfounded jealousy of his wife. Unless Mr. Morton has been dull enough to misunderstand the Crimean despatch, he has launched his play under false colours. It serves, however, as an occasion for displaying Mr. Buckstone's drollery, as the new Olympic farce, *What will they say at Brompton?* does that of Mr. Robson. It is a slight and commonplace story, the point lying in the accumulated troubles that distract a quiet resident at Brompton on a continental tour. At the end it is made to appear that all the horrors have been but a dream, the result of a potion administered by a friend to dissuade him from his proposed journey. The ludicrous terror of the traveller under his various afflictions, especially when attacked by brigands, is expressed with Mr. Robson's wonted intensity. At the Princess's a new one-act farce by Mr. John Oxenford, *A Case of Conscience*, besides affording half-an-hour's good entertainment, sets forth an excellent though not sufficiently obvious moral. The acting was throughout good, and at the dénouement of the plot the drift of the author is apparent in the good fortune of the sorely tempted and sternly conscientious *Mr. Clamber* (Mr. Fisher).

On Monday last Mr. Albert Smith appeared once more in his Swiss Cottage at the Egyptian Hall, and commenced his series of amusing conversations on his foreign travels. For the excursion through Holland and the ascent of Mont Blanc he has this year substituted an account of Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius. In "the house of the Tragic Poet" we meet our old friends Florence and Baby Simmons, the former married to the Reverend Septimus Blawly, who quotes Latin and makes bad puns. Florence is very anxious to know Mr. Smith's opinion of him. The engineer in the Austrian

Lloyd's boat turns up again in a little Mediterranean steamer, and smokes his pipe, and tells the history of his wrongs in a harangue even more complicated than before. In the course of his rattling talk, Mr. Smith introduces all the topics of the day—not forgetting crinoline and red petticoats; and, being now on classic ground, finishes off with some amusing Macaronic songs. We fancy it must have cost him no small amount of labour to avoid a false quantity. The painting of the views of scenery is excellent.

Molière's *Médecin Malgré lui*, done into music by Gounod, is about to be produced at one of the theatres of Paris.

Several new pieces have been brought out at Paris during the last week, but the only one of literary pretensions is a comedy in three acts, entitled *Le Roi Christine*, by M. Paul de Musset, at the Odéon. This "King" Christina is the notorious and unhappy queen of Sweden of that name. Seeing that she has several times figured on the French stage already, and that, having been a strange mixture of the pedant, the murderess, the adventures, and the maniac, she is anything but an agreeable personage to deal with. The general opinion in Paris is that the author would have done well to let her alone; and his play about her does not, we are told, possess sufficient literary or dramatic merit to modify that opinion.

From Cassel we learn that Capellmeister Spohr has retired from the service of the Elector, on a pension of fifteen hundred thalers a year. Spohr, though considerably aged in the last few years, being now in his seventy-fourth year, is still in good health and spirits.

On the 25th October, the hundredth birthday of the famous Herr von Stein was celebrated by torch processions and hymns of the Nassau choral societies, and the old castle of the family of Stein was beautifully illuminated with Bengal fire. The effect of this illumination, and that of the Stein tower, was very imposing as seen from the town of Nassau.

M. Leon Bathe, a young French dramatist of considerable promise, has just died in Paris. He was the author of sundry vaudevilles and of libretti of petty operas.

Herr Taubert, who has as yet confined himself to musical compositions of a very second-rate order, has just produced a grand work, at least in name, entitled *Macbeth*; the subject of which is taken from the play of Shakespeare.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

STATISTICAL.—Nov. 17th.—James Heywood, Esq., in the chair. A report was read, by Mr. Samuel Brown, 'On the International Statistical Congress, held at Vienna, in September, 1857.' At this, the third of the International Statistical Congresses, the governments of Russia, Spain, and Turkey were for the first time officially represented. The Austrian Minister of Commerce, Ritter von Totgenburg, opened the Congress with a short but eloquent address; and Baron von Czoernig, the head of the Statistical Department, presided at the general meetings, which were held daily in the Hall of the States General. Dr. Farr and Mr. Fonblanque were deputed by the British Government, but the latter was prevented from attending by ill health. The government of France deputed M. Legoyt; Belgium, M. Quetelet, M. Heuschling, and M. Vischers; Sweden, Dr. Berg; Norway, Professor Aschehong; Netherlands, M. van Baumhauer; Denmark, M. David; Saxony, M. Engel; Turkey, Daoud Effendi; Portugal, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, Tuscany, and other governments, also sent their respective official delegates. Some private scientific institutions devoted to the advancement of statistics, were also represented; amongst them this Society, which was represented by the writer of the report, Dr. Farr, and Mr. Nassau Senior. The total number of members was upwards of four hundred, a large proportion of whom were Austrian subjects. A very excellent programme,

embodying the subjects intended to be debated, had been previously prepared, so that the time and attention of the members might not be wasted; and, with the various alterations suggested in the sections, was finally carried. The titles of the different sections, to which the respective parts of the programme were referred, will show the importance of the subjects considered. Section I. Medical Statistics. Section II. Criminal and Civil Justice. Section III. Finance. Section IV. Trade. Section V. Public Instruction. Section VI. Relation of Statistics with Natural Science. In this last section a remarkable ethnographical chart was exhibited by Baron von Czoernig, showing in colours the proportions of the numerous races inhabiting the imperial dominions, and the localities respectively inhabited by them. By this means the increase or diminution of certain races is made visible, which leads to reflections on the influence thus exerted on the cultivation of the soil, or the industry and commerce of the country. The Congress also came to resolutions which will serve for the basis of discussion at the next meeting, which is to be held in London in 1859, on the invitation of Her Majesty's Government, on the Statistics of Penal Legislation, of Industry and the Classification of Products, of Literature, on the Adoption of an Uniform System of Medical Statistics, and on those relating to Banks, Institutions of Credit, and Joint Stock Companies. Perhaps in no country could this last question be discussed with more propriety and advantage than in this, where the extent of commerce, and the habits of the people, have led to such an extraordinary development of these undertakings, and have made so well known both their benefits and their defects. Great Britain is unfortunately behind many smaller states in the collection and preparation of statistical documents; not so much from want of materials, as from want of some government department to insure their publication on an uniform plan, and in accordance with the improved methods which have so generally followed the discussions which took place at Brussels and at Paris. The meeting of so many talented and practical men, many of them at the head of statistical departments of foreign governments, cannot but be beneficial; and will, it is to be hoped, lead to the Government of this country devising some plan by which all statistical documents, whether relating to population, commerce, legislation, or education, may be prepared and published under the authority of a special Board or Government Department. By this means a vast amount of labour will be saved, and the information will be conveyed in a more clear and practical manner.

GEOLOGICAL.—Nov. 18th.—Col. Portlock, R.E., President, in the chair. Isaac Fletcher, Esq., Cockermouth; Edward Saunders, Esq., George-street, Hanover-square; Joseph Cooksey, Esq., West Bromwich; William Colchester, Esq., Dovercourt, near Harwich; and John Evans, Esq., Hemel Hempstead, were elected Fellows. The President read for the second time the notice relative to some proposed alterations in the bye-laws respecting admission fees and contributions paid by the Fellows, and announced that a Special General Meeting would be held on December 2nd, at 5 P.M., for the consideration of the notice. The following communications were read:—1. 'On Estuary Strata in Shotover Hill, near Oxford.' By John Phillips, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., Reader in Geology in the University of Oxford. The author presented, in the first place, an historical notice of the facts and opinions published in regard to the sandy strata which, in this detached hill, rest upon the Portland series. From the time of Holway (1722) to that of Smith (1800—1815), these deposits, with their ochres and variously coloured sands, were always classified with the ferruginous sands, with ochre and fullers' earth, of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and received the general title of "Iron-sand." Conybeare (1822) uses the same title, traces them along the vale of Aylesbury, and refers them to the Hastings sands. At this time, however, the Lower Green-sand was not

perfectly discriminated from the Hastings group. In 1827, Dr. Fitton appears to have ascertained the occurrence of Purbeck deposits at Whitechurch, in Buckinghamshire. About 1832, the Rev. H. Jelly discovered paludiform shells in the sands of Shotover; and in 1833, and again in 1836, Mr. H. E. Strickland communicated notices of this discovery to the Geological Society and to Dr. Fitton, in whose great memoir 'On the Strata below the Chalk,' the information was published. From that time to the present no further notice has appeared; but, previous to 1854, Mr. Strickland, by his own researches, added a distinct *Unio* to the shells already collected; and since 1854 the author of the present notice has been enabled to augment the list of fossils, and to ascertain precisely the main facts regarding their geological position. The Portland rocks (seventy feet thick), consisting of green-sands, enclosing one band of clay, and two or three layers of large subcalcareous concretions, are rich in fossils, and some of these (*Pecten*, *Perna*, &c.) can be traced through the whole deposits to near the very top. This group is suddenly covered by sands, white, yellow, brown, reddish, or black, but not green, banded somewhat regularly by white or cream-coloured clays, and marked by imperfect ramifying layers of deep brown peroxide of iron; chist-masses also occur. The stratification, where most regular, as in the white sands and clays, is often undulated, but there is very little trace of oblique or drift-bedding. Ochre occurs in several parts of the section, and has been much worked in the upper part. The whole series is about eighty feet thick. In all the lower half of the series, but only in the hard ferruginous layers and geodic masses, and there not abundantly, we find coniferous wood, small spiral shells, and bivalve shells. The bivalves are of the genus *Unio*—one comparable in size to *Unio Valdensis*, but different in general figure, and in the characters about the fulcrum, ligament, and posterior slope. The other is of smaller and more delicate type, like *U. subtruncatus*. A *Cyclas* or *Cyrena* occurs in the specimens collected by Mr. Jelly. The spiral shells are partly *Paludina*, of two or perhaps three species—one approaching in size to ordinary examples of *P. fluviarium*, the others smaller—and partly of other genera. One is striated parallel to the volutions, like a *Littorina*—another resembles somewhat the cast of a *Natica*. No *Cypriides* have yet been recognised with certainty. Regarding two of the species of molluscs above alluded to as possibly belonging to salt water, but all the others as due to the influence of river action, the author concludes that through a considerable part of the thickness of these sands there is evidence now obtained of the estuary, but not lacustrine, origin of the sediments. The upper parts of the series have been carefully explored to the summit, especially about the ochre-bands; but to this date they have yielded no fossils, and the author desires to leave it for further inquiry, whether these crowning sandstones are of the same estuary character, or belong to a detached part of the lower green-sand strata, which undoubtedly exist to the south-west and north-east. Founding his inferences on Shotover, but confirming them by reference to points in the neighbourhood, where Purbeck strata are seen below these "Iron sands," the author expresses his opinion that in these sands we have a northern equivalent of the Hastings sands—that the river to which they may be ascribed was probably not that of the typical Wealden, but a different stream nourishing different *Unionides*—and that its effects will be traced much farther to the north-eastward, along the country now under survey by the Government geologists, to whom is committed the very important task of tracing the difficult boundaries of the lower cretaceous and upper eolitic deposits.

2. 'On the Mineralogical and Palaeontological characters of the Palaeozoic Strata of the State of New York.' By J. J. Bigsby, M.D., F.G.S. In this communication the author presented a *résumé* of the chief geological points characteristic of the palaeozoic basin of New York, which may thereby be compared with other districts of palaeozoic rocks. These points of character and compa-

risson were arranged under the following heads:—"mineral character," "mode of transition from group to group of strata," "place," "position or dip," "thickness," "fossils in general," "typical fossils," "fossils occurring in Europe," and "fossils recurrent in New York." The evidences used in this synopsis are based upon a series of elaborate tables constructed by Dr. Bigsby from the writings of James Hall, Vanuxem, Conrad, De Verneuil, Murchison, Sharpe, Sowerby, Portlock, Salter, M'Coy, Morris, and others. The author commenced with a sketch of the geographical features of the region under consideration, illustrated by the great geological map of middle North-east America prepared by himself. The characters of the several members of the palaeozoic basin of New York were then concisely described in succession, under the heads above referred to.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Nov. 23rd.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—Professor W. Haidinger, Kt., President of the Imperial Geographical Society, and Director of the Geological Institute of Vienna, and General Alberto Della Marmora, author of the Great Map of Sardinia, were elected as Honorary Members; and Thomas Baines, artist to the late North Australian expedition; Septimus Beardmore, Wollaston Blake, Cheyne Brady, James Brant, her Majesty's consul at Damascus, William Camps, M.D., Lieut.-General Cannon, Captain R. Coote, R.N., the Hon. C. W. Fitzwilliam, M.P., Lieut.-Colonel W. C. Grant, Kirkman D. Hodgson, M.P., Henry Holroyd, Richard Jefferson, Gottfried Kinkel, Phil. Dr., G. B. C. Leverson, Captain F. Liardet, R.N., William Loch, Matthew H. Marsh, M.P., Rev. Allen P. Moor, M.A., Captain J. Moore, R.N., the Hon. W. Napier, Captain A. Phillimore, R.N., W. H. Sitwell, Captain J. H. Speke, of the East African Expedition, Robert Tait, and Professor Tennant, were elected Fellows of the Society. A plan in relief of a portion of the Pyrenees, by the Rev. Pastor Frossard, of Baneres di Bizarre; Native MS. map of Delhi; map of Cawnpur, by Captain Yule, F.R.G.S., of the Bengal Engineers; and Stanford's map of Havelock's campaigns, &c., were exhibited.—The President announced that a letter had been received through Colonel Everest from his friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Scott Waugh, Surveyor-General of India, returning thanks for the Society's gold medal, which had been awarded him on the completion of the great Trigonometrical Survey of India. Colonel Waugh states that the Kashmir and Tibet surveys are progressing favourably, and will make a beautiful topographical map. Messrs. Montgomerie and Elliott Brownlow have fixed two peaks in the Kara Korum, one of which is 27,928 feet high, its distance being 136 miles from the last stations. This would indicate the peak to be the third highest yet measured. The Kashmir series has twice crossed the snowy range with two stations each time on it. From West Australia an account had been received through Lieutenant Du Cane, R.E., stating that Mr. Frank Gregory had, upon an exploring tour to the north, crossed the Murchison River, and penetrated upwards of 100 miles farther than Austin's last discoveries. The papers read were:—1. Progress of the British North American Expedition, under the command of Mr. J. Palliser, F.R.G.S. The despatches are dated Fort Garry, July 16; and Fort Pembina, July 27, 1857, to which places the expedition had proceeded from Lake Superior, via Fort William. Mr. Palliser intended travelling to the westward as soon as possible. The papers were accompanied by valuable astronomical and other observations. 2. Reports from the Expedition to Eastern Africa, under Captains R. Burton and J. H. Speke, F.R.G.S. Captain Burton arrived at Zanzibar on December 19, 1856. The season being dry, combined with the unsettled state of affairs, consequent upon the death of the Imam of Muscat, rendered it advisable to postpone his journey into the interior until June. In the meantime, accompanied by Captain Speke, he had visited the mainland. Leaving Zan-

zibar on the 5th of January, he reached Pemba in eight days, and crossed thence to Mombasa in three more, where he remained twenty-one days, obtaining information from the missionaries and the natives. Thence he proceeded on a coasting voyage to the mouth of the Pangany river, whence he went inland on foot, but tracing the course of the river to Fuga, the capital of Mumbara, which is thirty-seven miles in a straight line from Pangany and seventy-four by the river; he then returned to the latter place, where both Captain Speke and himself were attacked by fever, which prevented a further examination of the mainland to the southward, and they returned to Zanzibar on the 6th of March. The field book, besides a journal in detail, contains thermometrical and astronomical observations, together with the route from Pangany to Fuga, from which the map, accompanying it, has been drawn. Captains Burton and Speke have since penetrated, at the head of an armed escort, into the interior from Bagamoyo, in search of the Great Lake.

BRITISH METEOROLOGICAL.—Nov. 24th.—R. Stephenson, Esq., M.P., President, in the chair. H. L. Martin, Esq., was balloted for and elected a Member. The following paper was then read:—'On the Fall of Rain on October the 22nd, 1857,' by Mr. Glaisher. The author began by saying that the mean amount of rain collected at eight stations in London on October 22nd was 2.70 inches, and it fell nearly as follows:—On October the 21st, about 9 P.M., a thin misty rain commenced, and by 10 A.M., on October 22nd, rain to the depth of 0.5 inch was measured; it was at this time still falling steadily, and by 1 P.M. a second half inch had fallen, and again by 4.30 P.M. a third half inch was measured; it then fell less rapidly, and at 6 P.M. but 0.1 inch additional had fallen; during the next two hours—viz., from 6 to 8 P.M. very little rain fell, measuring 0.03 inch; after 8 P.M. it again began to descend heavily, and by 9.20 P.M. 0.3 inch was measured; between 9.20 and 10 P.M. the amount which fell was 0.02 inch only. Between 10 and 11.30 P.M. it fell steadily to the amount of 0.5 inch; then for an interval of twenty minutes there was no rain, and finally between 11.50 P.M. and 12.15 A.M. when the rain at length ceased, 0.3 inch fell—giving a total fall of no less than 2.75 inches, within little more than twenty-four hours. The author observed that heavy as the fall was, it was particularly remarkable in the month of October, and that he had no record of so large a fall on any day in that month, and so far as he could determine it was unprecedentedly large. The total fall per acre was 62,222 gallons, or 277½ tons, and taking the whole area of London to be 78,000 acres, the total fall exceeded 4853 millions of gallons, or 21½ millions of tons. Here the author produced a table showing the falls of rain amounting to or exceeding 0.5 inch within twenty-four hours in the preceding twenty years. From this table it was found that in twenty-one years there have been 188 instances of falls amounting to and exceeding 0.5 inch, and of these 157 were less than 1 inch; 27 less than 2 inches, and 4 only were equal to or exceeded 2 inches. Further tables were then read, showing in what manner the 188 instances previously mentioned were distributed through the months of the year, with their average depth of fall. From these it was shown that there were no instances of a fall exceeding 0.8 inch in the months of February, April, and December—and that two falls in July, one in August, and one in October, were equal to or exceeded 2 inches. From this it will be seen that there have been but four instances in the last twenty-one years of rain to the amount of 2 inches falling in one day—viz., on August 23rd, in the year 1843, when the amount was 2.2 inches; on July 25th, in the year 1852, when it was 2.0 inches; in 1853, on July the 14th, amounting to 2.63 inches; and on October the 22nd of the present year, when the amount was 2.75 inches. The two last mentioned are very nearly of the same amount—that of 1853 began on July 12th,

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at 10 P.M., and ceased on July 13th, at 4:30 P.M. The average fall per hour per acre being 3304 gallons or 147 tons; but during a part of the time, upwards of 9000 gallons per acre fell in one hour. The author then proceeded to give the details of this and the other falls just alluded to, from which it appeared that, comparing the fall of rain on July 12th, 1853, (which amounted to 2.63 inches, and occupied eighteen hours in falling) with the fall on October 22nd of this present year, which occupied something more than twenty-four hours in falling, the latter, though somewhat larger in amount, was less heavy in the proportion of three to four. The fall on July 25th, 1852—which amounted to 2 inches, and occupied in falling but nine hours, was stated by the author as being the heaviest fall he had known, one half inch having fallen in ten minutes, and 1 inch in fifteen minutes, or at the rate of $4\frac{1}{3}$ gallons per square yard, or 22,600 gallons, or in weight 101 tons per acre, which is equal to 8 millions of tons over the whole area of London. In the fall on August 23rd, 1843, the whole amount of 2.27 inches fell in about nine hours, during which time there fell 10.6 gallons per square yard, or 51,360 gallons per acre, or in weight 229 tons per acre. So that although the fall of rain in the present year was collectively larger than any other, yet the rain fell at the least rapid rate of any of the four cases. In each of these four instances the wind suddenly changed, and indicates that these great falls of rain have been all attributable to the meeting of two currents of air of widely different temperatures, and thus the great deposition. The author then proceeded to show from a table of the falls of rain at the different stations throughout the country, that the rain began to fall over the South of England, extending to latitude $52^{\circ}0' N.$ during the early part of the night of the 21st, but that the weather was fine generally at places N. of 52° till the morning of the 22nd, and at these places the rain did not commence falling till 9 or 10 A.M. It ceased generally about midnight at places situated to the South, and somewhat later at places to the North of London. The rain fell heaviest in the counties of Cambridge, Hertford, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and the southern part of Buckinghamshire; the mean amount in these districts was 2.69 inches, being of the same value as over London, and therefore the fall per acre was 62,222 gallons, or 288 tons nearly. The counties of Norfolk, Bedford, the northern part of Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Dorsetshire, Sussex, and the Isle of Wight, are the next in order, the mean amount being 1.5 inches, or 33,939 gallons, or 157½ tons of water per acre fell over these districts. Next in order are the counties of Durham, Gloucester, Devon, and Cornwall, the mean amount being over these counties 0.55 inch, or there fell 12,444 gallons, or in weight 56 tons nearly per acre. The island of Lewis, and the counties of Aberdeen and Inverness in Scotland, with those of Northumberland, the eastern part of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Worcestershire, and the Isles of Man and Guernsey, come next; and in these districts the mean amount was 0.11 inch, being at the rate of 2490 gallons, or 11 tons in weight per acre. The least quantity of rain fell in the county of Lancaster and the western portion of Yorkshire, the mean amount being 0.015 inch, or 339 gallons, or 1½ tons per acre. In the counties of Nottingham, Derby, Wales generally, and Fife and Elgin in Scotland, no rain whatever fell. A communication was then read from Dr. Moffatt, of Hawarden, stating that from experiments recently made, it appears that the products of combustion either destroy ozone, or so completely modify its effects, that they become inoperative. A communication was also read from Mr. Whitbread, stating that on Sunday, November 1st, at 5:45 P.M., he saw at Brighton a very large meteor descend perpendicularly in the S.E. quarter of the heavens. The reflection in the sea was so vivid, that it appeared to make a splash in the water. In size it appeared five or six times the diameter of Jupiter.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Nov. 25th.—The paper read was 'On the Composition and Relative Value of the Food Grains of India.' By Dr. Forbes Watson. The author began by stating that the researches on which his paper was chiefly founded had been conducted under orders received from the directors of the East India Company. In the plains of Upper India to the west, in Guzerat and Scinde, wheat is extensively cultivated, and in the north, along with barley, constitutes the common food of the people; whereas in the south, wheat, for the most part, is a luxury which the poor man cannot reach. Thus, also, rice at the deltas, and by the sides of large rivers, is the chief food of the million; but pass inland some distance, and millet, which experience and science have shown to be in some respects superior to rice, is found to be the ordinary diet. Rice contains but a small portion of nitrogenous matter; and although it is the popular notion that it forms the diet of almost all the inhabitants of the East, it is found that nature has prompted them in many instances to add one or other of the numerous pulses produced there, in quantity sufficient to supply to the starchy rice the requisite amount of nitrogen, containing as many of these do, nearly twice as much of that essential element as wheat. These pulses accordingly occupy a most important position in the food catalogue of the country, and are, in fact, to the Brahmin what beef and other meats are to us. In the Indian pulses, the proportion of non-nitrogenous and nitrogenous compounds varies from a little more than two up to about three of the former to one of the latter, and there is one bean in which the proportion of nitrogenous matter is greater than in flesh itself. With regard to the value and pre-eminent importance to India of its agricultural products, it appears that, according to returns, the total value of the agricultural products exported from India in 1853 amounted to 17,484,183*l.*, representing more than four-fifths of the then entire value (21,519,861*l.*) of Indian commerce. Of this sum 889,040*l.* is laid down as that received for the grain products of the soil. It has therefore with reason been said, that the greatness of India in the world's estimation depends on her agriculture, and that for her future prosperity and progress reliance can only be placed on the improved cultivation of her soil, and on the facilities that may be afforded to enable her to bring her products to the best markets at the lowest possible expense. The paper was extensively illustrated by tables, showing the nutritive value of the various grains.

CHEMICAL.—Nov. 19th.—Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., President, in the chair. R. Reynolds, Esq., was elected a Fellow. Prof. Rogers, U.S., communicated the results of some experiments on Atmospheric Ozone. He showed that the discoloration of Schönbein's test paper was not perceptibly due to the terebinthinate emanations from plants, or to the oxygen evolved from plants, or to the direct action of sunlight, or to the presence of nitric acid in the atmosphere; and recommended that ozone observations should be made by exposing a definite surface of paper to the action of a definite quantity of air, for a definite period of time, which should not exceed five or ten minutes. Mr. J. Mercer read a paper 'On a New Calotype Process.' The sensitive agent employed was the per-oxalate of iron, and by the subsequent application of different re-agents, photographic pictures of the most varied and even brilliant colours were produced. The process was an ingenious application of the practice of calico-printing to the purposes of photography.

LINNEAN.—Nov. 19th.—Professor Bell, President, in the chair. Charles Knight, Esq., George G. McPherson, Esq., and Wilfred Dakin Speer, Esq., were elected Fellows. A collection of Shells and Corals, formed on Wilson's Promontory, Victoria; and dried specimens of a new species of *Hakea*, and a few other *Proteacea* from Australia Felix, were exhibited, all presented by Dr. Müller, Go-

vernment Botanist to Victoria. Read—a letter from Lady Smith, the widow of the Founder, addressed to the President, and announcing the donation of the entire scientific correspondence of Sir James Smith, from the time of the formation of the Linnean Society till his death. On the motion of Dr. Boott, seconded by Mr. Babington, the cordial thanks of the Society were directed to be given to Lady Smith for her invaluable present. The following papers were read.—1st, 'A Notice of Four Varieties of British Plants,' by John Hogg, Esq., F.R. and L.S.; 2nd, 'A Notice of a Monstrosity of *Scabiosa succisa*, and of some other Vegetable Monstrosities,' by Professor Bentley, F.L.S.; 3rd, 'A Note on a Diseased Bunch of Grapes,' by M. T. Masters, Esq.; 4th, 'A short Exposition of the Structure of the Ovule and Seed-coats of *Magnolia*,' by Asa Gray, M.D., F.M.L.S.; 5th, a letter from Joseph Woods, Esq., F.L.S., addressed to Mr. Kippist, giving some details of a recent Botanical Journey in the North of Spain; with critical observations on some of the species collected.

NUMISMATIC.—Nov. 19th.—W. S. W. Vaux, President, in the chair. Sir H. C. Rawlinson exhibited a collection of Kufic gold coins, lately found in Seistan. Mr. Evans exhibited a so-called imitation of the Jewish Shekel, now exhibited for sale in many shops in London, and commented on the fact, that an imitation of a barefaced forgery, accompanied by a printed description of it, full of the most ludicrous inaccuracies, was so readily palmed upon the public. Mr. Vaux read a paper on a 'Collection of Kufic Coins, discovered by Mr. W. K. Loftus, when excavating in the Ruins of Susa.' The whole number discovered amounted to about 180: of these many were matted together by the oxidation of the metal; but about 100 were legible, and for the most part in excellent preservation. The coins were found above the pavement of one of the great chambers of the temple, in a small earthen vessel. They range over a period of twenty-eight years, from A.D. 697–725. From the names of the places of mintage occurring on these coins, it may be inferred that they are part of a hoard, made by some Arabian soldier, who had followed the march of the Muhammedan armies. Mr. Evans read a paper on a very curious 'Barbarous Coin, struck in imitation of those of the Empress Helena,' which had been lately found near Caistor (the VENTA ICENORUM). The inscription is blundered, and clearly the work of some native artist not familiar with the Latin language. The coin is in gold, and in excellent preservation. As far as can be deciphered, the legend reads, on the obverse—+EILEIA +AVGVTEIV, and on the reverse—TNPH. +EATA THEANQVILT, with CON following. In the centre is a wreath, enclosing the inscription. The former is certainly for BEATA TRANQVILLITAS—a common legend on Roman coins; the latter may have been imitated from the SIC. V. SIC. X. of the coins of Constans.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Nov. 24th.—John Gould, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The Chairman called the attention of the meeting to four new species of Rodents from Australia, which he described under the names of *Mus assimilis*, *M. nanus*, *M. sordidus*, and *M. manicatus*. To these interesting species of the mammals of that country, a fifth was contributed by Dr. Gray from the collection made during the expedition under A. C. Gregory, Esq., which he has named *Haplotis hemileucurus*. The Chairman exhibited an unique Australian Bat (*Molossus Australis*) from the museum of the United Service Institution, to which it had been presented in 1832 by Major McArthur. The secretary read a paper, by Dr. Gray, on the genus *Furcella* of Oken. On making an aperture in a perfect specimen of *Furcella* which recently reached his hands Dr. Gray found that, although the animal had two of the characteristics of the family *Teredinida*, it wanted the third. The plates within were only the pallets, which are simple, and somewhat like those of the more common *Teredo norvegica*; there were no proper shelly

valves, nor even any rudiments of them, and the animal forms a genus in that family which has the abnormal character of wanting the true shelly valves, which are so universal in the *Conchifera*. The reason of this absence seems to be explained by the fact that the animal does not require them to protect its head and nervous centre, living as it does in a soft sandy mud, while they are required in *Teredo* and the allied genera, which have to bore their way into hard wood or stone, to form the hole that is to be lined with the shelly tube. Sir Everard Home, in his Lectures, when describing the animal of *Teredo navalis*, refers this shelly tube to the genus *Teredo*, and gives a very good figure of the pallets, or, as he called them, "operculum;" but he was not aware of the absence of the shelly valve, for he figures what he considers the "boring shell of the same *Teredo*." What he has here taken for the "boring shell," or true valves of the animal, is evidently a fragment of the plate which closes the end of the tube. Mr. Slater read a paper on a collection of birds, transmitted by Mr. H. W. Bates from the Upper Amazon. Although many travellers and collectors have passed through this country, we are still without any detailed information concerning the general character of its ornithology. Those into whose hands collections from new localities come, are in general too prone to pick out single objects and describe them as new, instead of, what is much more important in a scientific point of view, giving an accurately determined catalogue of the whole of the species, such accounts being always useful as tending to increase our knowledge of the geographical distribution, and giving great assistance to future investigators studying collections from the same quarter. The species transmitted by Mr. Bates are mostly from Ega, or from the Rio Javarri, the frontier stream of Peru and Brazil. He next laid before the meeting a review of the species of the Fissirostral family, *Momotidae*, with a table giving their geographical distribution.

Mr. F. Moore read a paper on the Asiatic species of *Neptis* and *Athyma*, in which he described eight new species of the former and eleven of the latter. The Secretary read a letter, addressed to Mr. Gould from Mr. Cumberbatch, respecting the weight of the common partridge in those districts of the New Forest in which they appear to feed exclusively on bog plants, and have no access to corn land. Three of these birds weighed respectively 13 oz., 12½ oz., and 11½ oz.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Nov. 24th.—Robert Stephenson, Esq., M.P., President, in the chair. The proceedings were commenced by the reading of an Appendix to Mr. G. L. Molesworth's paper 'On the Conversion of Wood by Machinery.' After the meeting a model was exhibited of Gibson's self-acting signal and telegraph for railways.

MEETINGS FOR THE ISSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Academy of Arts, 8 p.m.—(R. Partridge, Esq., on Anatomy.)
South Kensington Museum, 6 p.m.—(Dr. Lyon Playfair on Science Institutions, in connexion with the Department.)
Institute of Actuaries.—(Mr. Willichs on a new Formula for the Expectation of Life; and, On the Value of Life Annuities yielding a given Rate of Interest, the Capital to reproduce the Purchase Money being invested at another Rate.)
Tuesday.—R. S. Literature, 3 p.m.—(Professor Christmas on Shakespeare's Lear.)
Society of Arts, 7 p.m.—(Special General Meeting.)
Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—Mr. Molesworth on the Conversion of Wood by Machinery, and Mr. T. S. Sawyer on Self-acting Tools for the Manufacture of Engines and Boilers.
Wednesday.—Decimal, 7½.—(Mr. James Yates on the Best Unit of Length.)
Society of Arts, 8.—(Mr. Apley Pellatt on the Comparative Heating Properties of Coal and Coke, in regard to Economy and the Smoke Nuisance.)
Geological.—(H. C. Sorby, Esq., on the Microscopical Structure of Crystals, as applicable to the determination of the aqueous or igneous origin of Minerals and Rocks.)
Thursday.—Chemical, 8.—Dr. Muller on Rosolic Acid. Mr. F. Field on the Arsenates of the Earths.
Royal, 4½ p.m.
Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
Linnean.—(J. Garner on the Shell bearing Molluscan Animals, particularly with regard to structure and form. 2. Cobbold. General observations on Entozoa, with notices of several new species; including an account of *Tenia serrata*, and *T. cucumaria*. 3. Slater on the Fauna of New Guinea.)
Saturday.—Asiatic, 3 p.m.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J.G., W., P.R.R., T.B.N.—referred.

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